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OBSERVATIONS, &c.

BY E. W.



37.

311.

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OBSERVATIONS,

ETC.

• BY E. W.



SECOND EDITION.

"I hate long arguments verbosely spun."

COWPER.

LONDON:

W. J. CLEAVER, BAKER STREET.

MDCCCXXXVII.

311 .

PREFACE

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

IF "brevity be the soul of wit," I cherish some hope, that, for the very first time, talent may be found in a preface ; for I am resolved to be concise.

To those who have kindly noticed and patronized my little work, I return my sincerest thanks. From those who have as yet either not seen, or not regarded it, I beg attention to the following extracts from various reviews ; and I urge upon them a request, not to despise a book

because it is small, when their approbation can remedy the fault, and make it great.

NOTICES BY LITERARY MEN.

"Many things are said by E. W. which W. E. would not be ashamed to have said. A person so observant would probably shine in a more elaborate production; and such it is intimated might follow the public approbation of the present small tome. We at any rate should be glad to see it."—*Literary Gazette*.

"E. W. is a miniature Lacon—in spirit too, as well as in size. Some of his observations are shrewd, some smartly said."—*Athenæum*.

"The 'Observations' are full of thought and feeling; and we are certain that this little book will find a place upon every table; with women especially it must become a favourite, for its talented author loses no opportunity in shewing his good sense, and his good taste, in upholding and exalting the sex."—*Court Journal*.

"There is much of sound moral sentiment in it."—*Windsor Express*.

"A work possessing great merit; an extensive sale may be anticipated."—*Merthyr Guardian*.

Occasional extracts have been given in the "Saturday Magazine."—See Nos. 277, 279, &c.

OBSERVATIONS,

&c.

DEATH has one blessing mixed with all its bitterness; it makes saints of all its victims. The world *destroys Romulus*; but, dead, it *makes him a god*.

Our arguers all strike their heads, like Jupiter; but not with like success, for no *Minerva* comes forth.

There are few men, but, were they certain of death on their 70th birthday, would think of a preparation. Tomorrow may be the gate of an eternity, and they go on in their folly.

Wives seem created to be butts: the husband of the present day resembles Pan, and delights to *play on* what was formerly the object of his *fond pursuit*.

How can some clergymen expect their ser-

mons to be read, when they guard them so effectually by Cerberus with his "three heads" at the entrance.

The glutton is the lowest souled of all animals: the butcher's boy is to *him* an Atlas bearing heaven on his shoulders.

You may ridicule the fop upon his ignorance, he cares not; but not a word on his dancing. Our Achilles is vulnerable only in *his heel*.

A genteel young man, *i. e.* he snuffs the candles.

No horse will stand still while my friend Jackson scrapes his fiddle: like Orpheus, "he moves the brutes."

Every breeze that wafts by us at morning seems an angel's whisper, breathing holiness into our souls.

How many high feelings does the view of God's works produce! To the Christian, as in the ancient grove of Dodona, *the leaves of the trees speak bright oracles*.

How full is the world of ingratitude and forgetfulness. Many men appear to think they shall succeed prosperously by following the instructions the oracle gave Deucalion; and raise up future generations, by "*throwing the bones of their mother behind them.*"

My theatrical friend who goes to see "the stars" so often is a judicious astronomer, for he goes to the *highest tops* to gaze upon them.

We kneel to man, but we lounge *to God*.

We all agree that "in Church we should feel *all as equals*;" yet, we add, "our grooms should bear in their remembrance, that at ten minutes to one they are to go for our cabs."

I did not know whether it was my long absent father I beheld :—there was *something in my eyes* prevented my seeing clearly.

There is no error venial; if a fault, it cannot be *trifling*.

The long poems and few ideas we daily see issue from the press, prove what "*GREAT things arise from SMALL.*"

Wilberforce's splendid epitaph is written in *black and white*.

How many a guiltless human being has been launched into eternity, because fried liver spoils by getting cold.

Can we pray to Him as all wise and good, whose name we use in our *worst moments of FOLLY and ANGER* ?

Using the Devil's name so often, is merely the child lisping the "*papa*" which his *father* teaches him.

No man is free from fear : he is not who says he never feels it ; *he fears* to be thought a coward ; and, whether we tremble before a sword or a supposition, it is alike fear !

The pure breeze of morning, that wafts immortal thoughts to the thinking man, to the Atheist but bears the dust into his eyes, to blind heaven the more from his view.

The humane man of the present day takes the fish out of the damp water.

High intellectual man, *head of creation*, if

he were to speak truly, would own that the hours he has spent most happily, most cleverly, and most Christianly, are those he has spent in the society of *Woman*.

How sweet are the eyes of girlhood, when they appear to be *reading* with pleasure the *bright book of eternity*.

Those who in the dark and stormy night of affliction stand bravely under the *canopy of heaven*, may rest in safety ; but those who flee for protection to the fancied security of the things of earth, the lightning will the more surely reach *from the tree which they shelter under*.

There is one poet now living, who, I always thought, deserved to be immortalized on a child's sampler.

To those who taunt us for going to church we may truly reply, that "*we go*, because we see what miserable beings those are who neglect it.'

A poetical friend gave me his effusion the

other day to read aloud. Very soon he cried out that "I was reading complete nonsense." I could only assure him I was reading *his poem* word for word.

Love! how is that word misused! The feeling which is the attribute of *Heaven* we apply to the passion which leaves us with earth, and perishes with the brutes, our fellow-enjoyers.

He who breathes into woman's ear aught unfit for her to hear, is guilty of sacrilege, in impiously defiling the *fairest temple of the God of purity*.

I cannot behave very criminally, as long as I love many whose lives are so virtuous and pure: the thought is too terrible, that our friendship shall not last for an eternity, and that the temptations of a pitiful world shall be able to separate us from one another.

Alas, we need no hour-glass! *our mirror* is a sufficient one to show us how time passes.

There are few men but would be ashamed to own "I am good."

Your greatest villains are those fellows who “*mean well* :” on retiring from life they will find a man cannot live *upon his means*. Ways and means are not at all united.

He called me a fool. I will prove his accusation untrue, by not replying to it: if I answer in the *same strain*, his sarcasm becomes deserved.

The hospitable man, who endeavours to make his guests over-eat and over-drink themselves, resembles Cleopatra, who introduced an asp in a basket of provisions.

If you take from him his joke *on Tongue*, you take his *all*.

Martyrs stand as if they were nonconductors on an electrical machine: they can take the *chain* in their hands, they can see the *wheel* about to work; but they remain firm: their *nature* is proof against the shock.

We admire whatever dish is fashionable and talked of. In fact, our *palate* hangs upon the *tongue*.

A fine book resembles a kaleidoscope : you admire the beauty of that part you survey ; and, whilst admiring, the *author's hand moves*, and fresh beauties rise.

The writings of freethinkers are the best arguments for " Chance;" their works being so puerile, we quite lose sight of any such thing as *wisdom* or *forethought* !

Wine is the only poison of which our landlord will drink himself, before he passes it on to us.

Tears can only be produced from the *stony* heart of the sinner, by the same Hand that guided the rod of the leader of Israel against the *rock* in the *wilderness*.

Drowsy poets, in mounting Pegasus, prove the truth of the assertion of our bard,—“ I can *ride* and *sleep*.”

I can see nothing childish in the idea of love at first sight : we do not fall in love because an eye is blue, (for love is spiritual !) but because we see virtues reflected in that

speaking mirror, which may be our solace and happiness through *a life*.

If we look at the Members leaving their affairs in Parliament to go to feasts, fêtes, and merry-makings, we must agree with the old fabulist, as to what "all the members depend upon."

Many men pass talent unnoticed, but delight to find a piece of vulgarity; even as the cock spurns the *jewel* under foot, but crows over *the earth-worm* that he finds !

The sweet light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus,—seen plainly only when all around is dark.

There is, in her *modesty*, a gulf fixed between woman and man : as long as *she* keeps up the drawbridge, the castle of virtue is in safety.

Woman has a fine "index" in her eyes, to which you may refer to see the contents of the book of the heart, whether it is such an one as you desire to read.

How much one actor can accomplish more than a hundred talkers is obvious: for instance, a single fruit-stall woman, in the unripe season, has done more towards the diminution of our population than all the Malthuses that ever wrote.

Blasphemy, like the plague, is caught in a breath.

We might now, as the Romans did, call our God Jupiter *Lapis*, for we seem to try to *tread the God we worship under foot*.

I might as well ask the worldly man if he admires the summit of the highest Alp, as Emma! He cannot *comprehend* or see their elevated dignity.

When we are telling a story, and the listener gapes, it resembles the opening of the two great portals that warn to the "mansion of silence."

Some actors carry their politeness too far; —they will not even be *personal to mankind*.

Philosophical authors cannot be accused of

great differences of opinion ;—they all say *exactly the same thing*.

Blasphemy arises from the Gospel of Light : is it not a sad reflection that it is the glorious sun brings up the weeds ?

I cannot draw the picture well of the mother bidding farewell to her son : it was originally in *water* colors.

The bantering of fools will at last make wise men answer ; as throwing stones into the well will at last make the water rise : though truly they have not much reason to rejoice, as it rises at their expense, and mounts by their assistance,—leaving them at the bottom.

The specious works of Atheists might convince some, by saying how boldly they brave heaven, were it not for a small, very differently written “ Addenda,” added by those who knew the *author’s own conclusion*.

I must needs believe him, that “ he has dispersed his charity abroad ; ”—for all his stock is evidently exhausted.

The paths of virtue are the paths of happiness. We sacrifice heaven, not to gain *earth*, but *hell*.

Though "the still small voice" of mercy be not in the rending blast, yet we may rest assured it will always be its *successor*.

The talent with which Gibbon denies that there is a God, is the most convincing proof there is one.

Surely, the humble peasant has more *ambition* than the conqueror of a world,—in looking for a life after death, than in slaying tens of thousands, and the immortal soul, in doing so.

Pompey boasted that "he had only to stamp, and an army would rise to his succour." Many an arguer appears to hold a like opinion in his debates; he stamps when he has nought to say, expecting a host of ideas to rise to his aid: but, alas! with the same success as Pompey.

It is a painful note to take of time, by the

agonies that are the allotment of every hour; and to know the balmy return of morning only by the fit that accompanies it.

“I shall only be idle a minute.” A minute!—in which time the idea of *Hamlet’s* soliloquy flashed upon Shakspeare’s mind. A minute!—in which Napoleon gained the summit of the Alps. A minute!—in which a tear reached the eye of the repentant prodigal.

He who wears a puritanical look on his face, whilst he drinks in obscene conversation with his ear, resembles the Jews, who, on their sabbath, shut up very carefully their windows, but leave the door open for chance customers.

We doubt if there be a heaven of *mercy*, if our selfish prayers are not answered: we pray for the wind that pleases us best, though that wind would make sailors’ wives, widows; and sailors’ children, fatherless.

The man who wields his sword on every

occasion, may boast that he has his argument at his fingers' ends.

How ridiculous to hear a man continually saying, "on the word of a gentleman." It should please us, however, to hear that *he has got some one* to speak for him.

Our age is a mighty clever, enlightened, and intellectual age, and *our saying so so often*, proves it.

I will not boast of my drinking or my slang, and make it my emulation to do what any blackguard can compete with me in doing, and the greatest fool excel me in.

Her eyebrow, the *arched* canopy of heaven, shows off the brightness of the star beneath.

My sighs must surely reach the home of my childhood;—experience must have taught them their place of destination.

The knell for departed man, is the alarumbell which Mortality rings to waken Vice from its sleep of ease.

Many people think and speak only of them-

selves;—as, in grammar, “infancy” is always in the singular, and will admit no plural.

A man’s good deeds form Jacob’s ladder: they reach from earth to heaven, and form the steps by which he may ascend there, provided the ladder be supported by a *celestial hand*.

The sun may shine in his broad and common light, but I will not read thy works, Poet of the Soul, by his glare; but the clear soft moon, and the gentle star, shall be my lamps, softening even thy thoughts! I fancy the brightest star holds thee now, Dreamer of Avon-side!

Conquerors think, whilst they prey upon the mass of the world, like mites upon a cheese, that they themselves shall live, and the more their *land decays* the more they *shall increase*. In fact, like the same mites, they are but forming a dainty bit to go with the rest, and please the devouring jaws of the great Consumer.

People have a little box fixed in their pews at church to lock their Bibles up in, till another Sunday comes, in order that they may not intrude at all in the week.

A man may have twelve houses, and have no *home*.

"I might do worse," "It's no great harm," are strange sayings for a fellow-man of *Shakespeare* and *Howard*.

God is a monarch who has given man a noble sword to serve him with, in *his tongue*; and he uses it against the donor's own Majesty.

I have three reasons for forbearing to say aught against women;—the mother who cherished me, the sisters who played with me, and the wife who loved me.

Only on Sunday, and then only in the morning, do men pray. The reproach of Pharaoh might be applied with truth to Christians, "Ye are idle, ye are idle; *and therefore* you say, 'Let us go and worship the Lord *our God*.'"

Our magistrates really appear to have *executed* justice, for it is perished out of the land.

Our sins are not individual: the one *drop* of iniquity we drop into the full cup of our land's wickedness, may cause it to run over, and be the ruin of England. "What is one man?" Had there been ten good men there, the ancient city had not fallen.

The aristocrat is like the rompo, he *lives* upon the ashes of *the dead*.

It is only in the bitter time of affliction the sanctuary of man's heart is open;—in quiet times, the *temple of Janus* is *closed*.

The only way to stop the railing of the critic, is with a dinner: a piece of pudding will now act the part of Marcus Curtius, and close up the *terrific opening* that nothing else *can*.

In writing, every man *draws himself* as the *model*.

The low man, by his assumption, only makes himself ridiculous and vulgar: he goes

to the *highest room* in the house, and is only in the garret.

It is a pity that those who *practise virtue* have their *rehearsals* only *in public*.

Always keep your merits a little in the background. We fancy how handsome the actor must be who looks so well at a distance; near, we should see the rouge and the dye.

Authors are not bitter and spiteful by nature. It is fabulous that authors and porcupines *shoot* their quills; they only raise them angrily, if they are attacked.

Candour is the virtue which makes us conceal nothing of our *neighbour's* faults.

It was rightly fixed, that in *Vesta's temple*, when the sacred fire was once extinguished, it should be relighted only by the *sun's* rays. When the pure fire is gone out in the holy temple of feminine purity, no *earthly* hand can rekindle it;—the kind dispenser of *life* and *light* can alone give it birth.

The critics take up their pen, and the

authors are lost: they make them feel, (as the audience of Rome did the gladiators,) that their very life depends on the *bending* of their judge's *thumbs*.

Some men are very dignified upon not doing actions which they have not the power to do; —they walk very exaltedly on their stilts; if they have to move equally quick with others, their fall is certain.

She is gone to the land of the rainbow! from whence I see her in tears for my grief, even though in smiles for her own happiness.

When a learned author gets too deep, we quite lose sight of him: like Pluto, “his head-piece” makes him invisible.

When Cæsar swam, as we read, with his Commentaries in his hand, and his coat of mail in his teeth, he acted differently to his usual manner;—as, with him, there was generally cleverness in his mouth, and power in his hand.

Our rats in politics, when they die, should

suffer the punishment of Ixion, and be fastened to a *wheel which turns continually*.

The vulgar lover shows his fondness to his mistress at dinner, by decreeing to her, as Paris did to the most beautiful, *the apple*.

The greedy, stupid lad sits, like Memnon's statue, all day dull and motionless, excepting when *his mouth* is touched, and then he sends forth a joyful sound.

How dull is learning's path. I should never have learned Murray's Exercises had not my preceptor been a second Janus, holding a *Key* in his right, and a *rod* in his left hand.

It is vain that my sister gives me a memorandum-book, and bids me write in it "*all the occurrences of the week*;" for, if I were to write only the acts of kindness she does to me, one work would ill contain the whole, and thousands might be filled with them.

We should answer the accusations even of the most contemptible: the yelping cur at my

horse's heels is a pitiful brute, but he may cause my *overthrow*.

The great do *all in their power* for the poor; and tell the footmen, Robert, and Charles, and John, to give every beggar a penny.

Those who wear, like Rahab, the garment of iniquity, will fain still keep the show of a *thread* of virtue; trusting that Judgment will pass over them on that account, when it smites their neighbour.

Some men say that they will not be taught by clergymen, weak men like themselves. I answer, that they are the five barley loaves and two small fishes; little indeed of themselves, but sufficient, by *the blessing* of God, to feed *five thousand*!

In the journey of life, we travel along a road, where there are few milestones to remind us how far we have got; and we pass so swiftly, we often mistake the xxx for xx.

After seventy-nine years of guilt, man

makes a virtue of his cowardice, and dies at eighty, uncared for and despised: and the kindest tomb his relatives can erect over his corpse, is the earth that most effectually hides him, and tells not even the name of him who threw a Heaven away.

The man of spirit will take the inside, though the inside be in a puddle.

When I receive any kindness or affection, *then* I fancy my departed friend is near me.

The sun resembles a good man; he cannot himself be bright without making all which comes under his influence so.

In summer all is merry. The little flowers extend their leaves, and say "Ha! ha! I am warm," when they see the sun's fire; and the child-like stream laughs at the bubbles which it *makes*.

In the regions of eternal light, the purity of its inhabitants is sufficient cause for its brightness.

There is a striking likeness in Z— to

both his aged father and his infant son. You could tell he was the offspring of the first by his avarice, and the sire of the last by his childishness.

The ever-turning world is the mill which grinds old people young; making them, at the brink of the grave, think of balls and fooleries.

I have found out a most effectual plan for doubling man's life,—by *using* the time he wastes in idleness and profligacy.

I cannot understand how people can rail at the littleness of man's works, and profess they love to trace the hand of *God*. I see *His hand* as fully developed in the works of art as of nature,—the *productions of his noblest production*: the lordly mansion, and the sculptured pillar, say “How great is Heaven!” as plainly as the mighty mountain and the forest oak.

In the *thickly crowded churchyards* of

London we may indeed read "*sermons in stones.*"

There is an alchemy in *manner*, which can convert every thing into gold.

Every one thinks that man sensible who agrees with him: the only looking-glass we admire is the one which reflects *us*.

May not the *mark*, which the Lord himself set upon Cain, in order that those who met the brother's murderer should not slay him, have been the *mark* of repentance?

The calm twilight of evening is the most sickening time for grief,—all is delightful, and all is miserable.

Can we believe, when we gaze around, and see men as they are, *thinking of nothing but sensual pleasures and mean roguery*, that they are of the same *kind* and *nature* as the martyrs of sacred history?

Many a son is bad, through the unbounded partiality of his father: like the Chinese leaf,

the *warmth* of the *hand* that supports him causes him to turn.

I always fancy "sweet bread," and "home-made bread," synonymous.

Life is no pilgrimage of woe, since the road is smoothed by affection, and lighted by smiles of love.

Some can walk as smoothly over the path of misery as if they were treading on a Brussels carpet.

Religion is the M'Adamizer of the stony path of affliction.

You may think it strange, but when I heard that Emma was coming to stay with the friends where I was visiting, I felt sorry. She would now be seen by many people,—she would not "be mine, and *mine only*;" her merits would be canvassed, and the eye termed "blue," or "gray," *which* I regarded only as "perfection."

The bad man cannot be made to feel the

same sufferings he inflicts on others. You may destroy his offspring—you cannot make him heave the parent's sigh? You may rob him of his freedom—you cannot take from him the unknown "glory of independence!"

The poor man mourns for his lost benefactor in the dress he himself gave him.

How powerful is slander! A thing of emptiness and vanity can obscure the brightness of spotless purity, the dispenser of bliss to millions. The dark cloud often overshadows the moon!

The vain man is easily gulled. Every *piece of a looking-glass* he looks at appears to him a jewel.

Impudence is a good substitute for talent. Brass glitters equally well with gold.

Who ever felt satisfied, when given a work of splendid talent, with admiring the tint of the paper, and leaving unnoticed the heart-moving beauties within? How can we rave

of the *color of an eye*, and forget the depths of affection and the thoughts of soul that can be read in it?

The eye of accuracy can trace on the consumptive cheek the glow of the fierce fire that is to consume the sufferer; whilst the world thinks it only the reflection from health's summer sun.

Conscience, when arraigned before the bar of reflection, drops, even as Caractacus before Claudius, the glory of the sovereign, and pleads the merits only of the humble cottager.

That we have slain our tens of thousands, is a boast in which the Author of all death surpasses us: that we have given birth to one poor man's smile, or wiped away one widow's tear, is a glory we enjoy in common with the Giver of Immortality.

If we compare the two things yclept "prodigality" and "generosity," and find them one and the same, we shall then be able to acknowledge, "What's in a name."

Every man's coat, charitably *given* to him, is too long for him, in spite of the superior stature of the receiver : a singular proof how charity makes a small thing, great.

Our Saviour never left any question unanswered that was of importance to his followers. The caitiff Pilate received no reply to his "What is truth?" from Him who *alone could* answer it; but Christians have their Redeemer's summary of it, in his sublime address to Heaven just before his apprehension; in the all-comprehensive language, "*Thy word is truth.*"

What can more finely show the tenderness and beauty which lie in a *word* or *tone* of love, than the discourse between Our Saviour, after his resurrection, and Mary Magdalen, when she mistook the Lord of Glory for a gardener, until she heard his "Mary," the word so often breathed with tenderness and pity, and the tone which hallowed the sound it uttered; and *then* she cried out "Rabboni!"

Convinced that that word, and tone, could issue only from the lips of Him who had been her director into virtue, her joy in sorrow, and her God of mercy in every thing.

The tree of liberty is a noble tree: alas! that we should cut it down merely to dress our luxuries with.

Boswell trusted that, being joined so much with Johnson, he might in a degree pass for a great man also; he forgot, that if a little fellow stands *arm-in-arm* with a giant, it only serves to make him appear doubly insignificant.

I can fancy the stars, and heavens, and winds, and waves, assisting always in the cause of liberty; and that, in the struggles of a Tell, the breeze is glad and high,—when in every blast a freeman's soul seeketh a freeman's sky. Liberty rides on the *untamed winds* of heaven; she sleeps on the *unruffled billows* of the deep; her flowerets are the *uncrushed daisies*, and her music the *rush*

of waters and the *twitter of the uncaged bird!*

Faith guides her steps by the light of the moon behind a cloud.

Religion is the "*light of reason,*"—illuminating, adorning, and directing it.

The good man taught the orphan how to write, and the first use he made of the knowledge was to write his benefactor's name upon his silent tomb.

Sheridan's celebrated speech on Warren Hastings is now rivalled—*in its length.*

Every Minister seems to feel that, looking to individual prosperity, must be attending really to the general good. "If every man is happy, the country is happy;" and, fired with the idea he serves his country—by *serving himself.*

All Sheridan's words were *actions—events—miracles.*

Our looking-glasses must surely be bad ones, *since we look so attentively into them, and yet make no reflection.*

Family dissension is the greatest bane of life: our ark can find no resting-place amongst the troubled waters until the olive-branch is ours.

Young's Muse was an Æolian harp, which made *melody only when stirred by the breath of Heaven!*

I hate toad-eating, I would not owe my height to any man's stooping.

The lark, when she rises to her glorious elevation, sings her hymn of praise; the breezes, as they glide past my cottage, sing a soul-moving melody; the angels of heaven sing in their home of love: *these sing*; and can we call the screams, the shakes, the lispings, the hootings of Italian professors, *singing*? Every thing is happy when it sings: the lark chants (and who *would not*?) because *she nears the skies*; the breezes make harmony, because they are free; and the angels sing for *joy*. Man only, pines and whines, as if he knew that, after his sweet

song was finished, the fate of his fellow minstrel, the swan, was to be his. There is one point I approve in our public singers; they say the words so that they cannot be heard, and thus prevent, as much as they can, the corruption of man by folly, or by vice. Dr. Sheridan gives, in his Dictionary, the meaning of the verb, "to sing," "to utter sweet sounds *inarticulately*:" we act up to half the meaning, and that is saying a good deal.

Is it not a high thought, that poor, sickly, weak man, chilled by every breath, injured by every insect, shall remain *undying, unchangeable*, when the glorious stars on which he now gazes, and *from whose look of unvarying splendor he reads immortality*, and the sun which has *shined over the graves* of millions of mortality's offspring, shall have sunk to very nothingness, and left not "*a wreck behind*."

The only certain thing is, that all is *uncertain*.

How did the opinion get abroad that evil spirits roam about in the *night*? The calm serenity, the soft stillness of that time, would be repugnant to their feelings and purposes; (a time when angels are watching over men from their starry homes :) but in the busy turmoil of the day, amidst the scoffings of the infidel, and the loud laugh of the libertine, their whispers would be unperceived, unheard, save by the chosen victim.

The rogue on horseback, if he canters in the mire, only makes himself the more dirty.

Alas! that sleep, the occupation of *the toad*, the privilege of *the corpse*, is denied to me!

Alas! man can never grow wiser or better by searching his own heart: it is a blotted book.

Gold did not bring evil into the world: evil brought gold.

What is the use of a likeness? Let art draw the mouth ever so correctly, nature will go on adding wrinkles.

We can only be *singular*, by being wise or good. A queer coat, or a lisp, will never make us singular, in a world of fools and madmen.

An author's works should succeed, if a parent's prayers can make them prosper.

Whilst the tide is weak and fluctuating, man *may view his image in the tide*.

In woman's *weakness* lies her greatest *strength*.

If generosity consisted in making free *nolens volens*, the Quakers had made free the slaves, as Ketch grants liberty to knaves.

There is dissension in every musical family party : the musicians will not keep together.

The rake cannot even please the *author of Evil*;—he gives him no opportunity for displaying his abilities.

There are always “ birds of ill omen ” ready to build their nest in your *fallen tree*.

He who leans *on dust* cannot expect to be clean.

The coronet is not large enough to hide the skull of the fool.

It is a common trick with school-boys and Ministers to *press your hand*, until you fancy you can feel money in it.

Many of our authors would make good scribes, as they *copy word for word*.

Those who in the day of sorrow have owned God's presence in *the cloud*, will find him also to be in the *pillar of fire*, brightening and cheering their abode as night comes on.

Why should we wonder to see the wretched weak offspring of talented and virtuous parents? Wit begets conceit; liberality, waste-fulness; and luxury, disease.

"A man," Horace says, in his 9th Satire, "who talks much, never talks well." It is a weak spout from which the stream is always escaping.

To keep you from the injuries of a corrupt world, the best amulet that you can have around your neck is a mother's arm.

The blasphemer seems to think heaven cannot see him, because he will not see heaven: so the child *shuts its eyes*, and says "You cannot see me now."

It is not much I ask of the atheist, but that little he denies me. He professes to be his fellow-man's friend and benefactor; he volunteers his abilities for my service, as Alexander did to Diogenes; and, in a similar spirit to the philosopher, I reply, "*I only ask that you will not take the light of the sun from me.*"

How uncertain is the continuance of glory! Franklin says, "The lightning always strikes the highest objects."

Don't fear your noisy, angrily-speaking enemies; they will never hurt you; but fear your mean silent foe: the noisy thunder never injured; the silent lightning has shivered palaces.

The conceited author has made a very great discovery, one which Newton and

Bacon would not have made,—that *he* has *wit*.

Man, who boasts of the soul he never shows, is very careful, and keeps his treasure most effectually concealed.

I cannot be original, as I desire, with such a pattern of every virtue before me as I have: in speaking of *her* merits, I am saying what all the world has said before me.

The bad actor *needs* to bawl so loud,—to drown the hisses.

A dull man is doubly heavy when he gets lively: as the lumbering tax-cart never appears so heavy as when a little jogging pony carries it into a trot.

Most editors' "notes" make the text more obscure than it was before. It becomes "*dark from excess of light.*"

The Atheist, arguing about the doubts only himself can see, is like the sick man combating with the phantoms which are produced only by his disordered mind.

The church, in reality, and in allegory, never looks so lovely, so awful, and so superior to earth, as in a storm.

Singing is the utter ruin of thousands of men : Niobe is far from being the only mother whose children have been *destroyed by Apollo*.

You can trace a pure example through a family, as you can know where the sun has set by the brightness it leaves in the place where it descended : the *death* of the good man is life to his relatives.

I hate hunting and hunting-men : destruction has often been brought to others besides the Trojans, concealed under the form of a horse.

In death, we watch with pleasure the *bright setting* of the sun, being sure that it betokens a *glorious day* when *he rises again*.

The toad-eater will be anything you desire him—except A MAN.

Why does the sun make the broken-hearted man's room so light,—only to show him that

there is no child at his bedside, no cheek wet for his sufferings ?

The flattered man is empty, or rather *puffed up with wind*.

How does modesty add to the picture of a beautiful woman !

“ *Distance lends enchantment to the view.*”

A dull criticiser resembles a dog, who snaps at another, and only *bites his own tongue*.

Surely there may be works of supererogation. We *can be too good*: stupid Johnson “thanks heaven he is no fool.”

I am drawn to *the centre of my* hopes by the *force of attraction*.

The stream of life, down which we go, would be clear and smooth enough, were it not for the dirt and obstacles we ourselves throw into it.

The rich man's merits we mete out by the *pound*.

A dull story falls down naturally by the *force of gravitation*.

The constantly corresponding J. M. W. to the "Farthing Magazine," has no mercy ;—he rides Pegasus as if he had hired it by the hour or day.

In every land, as in Spain, he who *names a husband*, names a *subject*—(*hombre*.)

The only word Walter Scott ever wrote to grieve mankind, was "Finis."

The old rule, in teaching "not to blot your paper," is now abolished,—witness the 10,000 sonnets every week !

All marriages are not peaceful and pleasant,—as all is not *poetry* that *rhymes*.

My fairy dreams of youth have vanished into smoke, and the smoke has brought tears into my poor eyes.

High descent is far from conferring virtue or sense ;—the peasant is often a better man than the aristocrat : the real gold is *what is taken out of the earth*.

How many statesmen have owed, like a statue, their elevation solely to the *base* !

Happiness—the birthright of the fool.

You might well imagine that many of the *puppies* we see about with their *chains* round their necks, wore them for their masters to fasten them up with, when they got home.

Justice is rightly drawn *unable to see her own way*, and taking the *law into her own hands*, with the drawn *sword* as the only corrector of vice.

Many men have fallen victims to their own abilities. The phœnix Genius is consumed by the fire it itself kindles.

The good man's wealth is like the rain which falls on Ethiopia,—it descends plentifully there, in order to fertilize all Egypt.

By the works and talents of some great bard has a pilfering author gained reputation ; even as from *the remains* of the expired phœnix does a fresh phœnix spring to life.

The heavy clumsy looking angels in Rubens' pictures would long ago have fallen, had *not the great "Rubens"* supported them.

In pictures of angels, we see the blessed in heaven endowed with all the perfections of earth, (which are useless there,) and many of the imperfections.

We decide that our neighbour is our inferior, without once weighing the merits of both impartially: it is a pity that in life, as in grammar, we put the "*positive*" before the *comparative*.

In how many periods has England *rightly* used the die upon her coin;—the King taking exactly the opposite side to Britannia!

The bad man cannot understand the beautiful similes of Rest and Peace;—Sleep, and the Grave, are to him synonymous only with *restlessness and despair*.

The malevolent author writes with porcupines' quills.

Time's chariot, like those of the ancients, hath scythes fastened to its wheels.

Our farmers resemble the men of Egypt offering their first fruits,—they keep the "*feast of Isis*" invariably with loud lamentations.

The cap of liberty is very much like the fool's cap.

The usual employments and everyday occurrences of life, are the best things for taking away our grief;—jogging effectually sends woe to sleep.

Replying to scurrility, is like the dandy keeping himself *clean* by pushing away the chimney-sweeper.

If “honor be a breath,” it is honor certainly that calls many to the field; for they will always *talk* of their gallantry.

If a woman is kind to all, she is not kind to me: I had rather marry the woman who would despise a whole world, than her who would sacrifice her life to save *me*, and *Johnson*, and *Dobbs*, and *Hodges*.

Why do the tutors take their pupils to the continent? Have they not confidence in their own abilities to teach them immorality? If we look at the ignoramuses in *England* always to be met with, we shall own “the school-master is abroad.”

The books of the Bible, so splendid in their brightness, and so remarkable for their clearness, bear the proofs in themselves of their inspired authorship. We trace, in the full and *far-seeing prophecies*, the same Being who said, in the first dawn of creation, "Let there be light, and there was light!"


How many men carve their names on palaces and prison-walls, and merely prove to future visitors Jack Jones, &c. were block-heads.

I could not be loved without returning the feeling: love is of all maladies the *most* catching.

Do you ask me why I weep, and assure me my former friend is happy? It is my *being convinced of this* that makes my tears gush out for my loss.

Resignation bears the misfortunes of others admirably, nor sheds one "useless tear."

The man who offers his heart to every one, offers a gift of value;—because, precious is



“the *meanest thing* affection gives, and giving, hallows.”

Some people think that, in parting from your friends, the badness of the weather increases your melancholy. I do not. I would have the rain make me *feel* dripping;—I would have the lightning *scorch*, and the thunder shake me: they make me know something else besides the grief of parting,—they accord with my feelings. I hate the fine clear day, to show me that the sweet song of the young birds, the scent of heaven's own flowers, and the blue sky of the angels, are sickening, hateful, loathsome, without *my friend*; and to say to me, the blackbirds *sing*, you *weep*; the flowers bloom, you fade in heart; the clear sky is above you, but its very clearness is as darkness to your soul.

Is it unnatural, that the *last half-hour* I have to pass with my friend I always wish sincerely was past and gone?

Can it be possible that the remembrance of Emma is pain to me?

How does a celebrated poetess make you participate in the feelings she expresses! Her readers are all as "sick of love" as the heroine and the faithless hero.

How delightful is the thought of a family's prayers ascending to heaven *together*! The petitions of loving hearts must be a well pleasing offering to a "God of love," and gain the mercies they implore.

What a high prerogative have the beasts of the field, in not being capable of thought!

The moustachioed dandy's strength, like that of Samson, all lies in *his hair*.

Tom's foolish book proves Solomon's wise saying correct,—that there is *no new thing* under the sun.

Reflect, whenever you are at a public amusement or private ball, should Pride tell you how well you look, there "may be a smut-

mark on my nose." This will soon take away vanity.

What a miserable life must be that of a "*companion*!"—to sit and hear the same dull stories over and over, and laugh! She suffers, as the slaves in Rome, the token of slavery;—"her ears must always be bored."

Do not think to injure him, by ridiculing him "as void of sense." "Who takes my brains, takes trash!" says the dandy.

The rise in life of a rogue is only acting the part of a gallows,—exalting him for scorn to point at.

If you merely call an infamous wretch by his own names you insult him,—calling him *bad* names.

Can *Johnson* think it a reproach to call me "rogue?"

The "*golden sand*" is not fabulous; we may find it in the *hour-glass*.

The beauty and force of language require not great emphasis; its own depth of meaning is *sufficient*.

If a man asks you for a book, be sure to lend him your Bible; and you may be certain of its coming back again unsoiled, and free from finger or dog's-ear marks.

The bad tragic actor had sufficient cause for his tears,—for he had forgotten his part.

It is a singular fact, there is certain to be an echo to an indecent speech.

We resemble looking-glasses,—we can reflect anything but ourselves.

Alas! how effectually does the ermine cloak often conceal *the man!*

How can a servant know how to reply to inquiries after his master the Judge? when, speaking truly, he must say, “*Sir — is in, the Justice is out.*”

The joke on poverty is a poor joke.

Wit makes a blanket of the poor man's rags, to toss him in.

Every weeping infant knows the principal occupation of its future life.

What a degrading idea of humanity is it,

that Shakspeare's mind could be agitated by a flea!

The glutton gathers curiosities from earth, sea, and air, and makes his stomach the British Museum.

Our barrowwomen, with their unripe fruit, like Charon, only ask a copper to take you over the Styx.

He made the sad discovery, that the much talked of pleasure, "*country air*," was but a *breath*.

The lover gazed upon his mistress, as the angels of heaven gaze upon the first tear of repentance.

The dirty gourmand literally *eats up his own estate*.

The spices at the city dinners are appropriate, as they will serve to deck the glutton's funeral feasts.

Time's chariot-wheels make their carriage-road in the fairest face.

The good reader can make any book a

pleasant one;—with superhuman power can *raise the dead to life.*

Modesty is more tempting than the brightest eyes. When Juno wished to kindle *desire*, *she put on a girdle.*

Do not many divines know they are acting contrary to the canon by *preaching*, as they do, in a *dead* language.

I do not write in my gifts, from his “devotedly attached,” &c.; I merely write “from his friend,” and think that expresses *all.*

People say, “Wonderful certainly are the Creator’s works! seeing how minute the mite, and how glorious in his greatness the elephant!” But why? Are not those of a *middle* size as marvellous? They must reason that “His eyes are our eyes,” by their peculiar admiration.

We see the merciful works of a great Providence in the mountain, and the main. Why do we not trace them in the smile of affection, and the word of love?

Characters of former days now have changed, but the hypocrite remains ever the same,—sneaking, crafty. The snake is the fit emblem, certainly, of eternity.

The slanderer finds no difficulty in eating his own words, as *young vipers*, if attacked, immediately retreat into their parent's mouth.

How fortunate is it that the snake is provided with his rattle, and talking Mrs. — with a Stentorian voice!

Idleness is not Vice: it is not the destroying lion, it is only the jackall,—“*the lion's provider.*”

As a woman advances in life she increases in finery,—so the cow's age can be accurately known *by her rings.*

Your bad fiddler is as cruel as the Turk,—he murders with the *bow-string.*

Paine's deadly works *must die* when *death and corruption perish.*

Gold rules all!—how many, on seeing a sovereign, would willingly “fall down and

worship the *golden image* the *King has set up!*"

With her son in India, the mother's eyes may well be dim, from the *cataracts* always before them.

It is certain, at a fair, the King, stripped of his *gilt*, would be looked upon but *as a gingerbread* affair."

My friend! plant not on my tomb the fading floweret, but the evergreen, to tell my former companions that he who lies there is not *dead*—he blooms for ever: a world may perish, but man's soul remains!

"*Temperance!* with *nine times nine*."—
Public toast.

It is impossible Jack's books can be on zoology, since zoology is "what has *life*."

Some men's faces are insults to humanity.

If we look around us at the merry, happy fellows, we shall agree, with Gray, that "*Ignorance is bliss*."

Life is a fable, of which the conclusion shows the moral.

“The proper study of mankind is man:”—so say some men, and they practise it; for they think only of themselves.

Till *they own Religion's power*, men eat and drink even as the *beasts of the field*, following the life of Nebuchadnezzar.

To shed tears over the death of friends, or our country's woes, is *not like a man*,—it is like a God.

The *poor man's guardian* is a very ill chosen name for popularity, when every man would appear great, and every man thanks heaven that he is able to take care of himself.

The mind of a Shakspeare is sufficient proof of an immortality.

The murderer's must be a life of desperate melancholy: he must fancy his victims every where! If he steps, he murders something; if he speaks, his breath gives the pestilence to his fellow-men.

Anecdotes are often spoiled by being too long: stories, as well as boys, *often outgrow their strength.*

The paternal wing is more used in London than the maternal: as the mother only neglects her young,—the father flies from them.

The *best point* in many a work is the *full stop.*

Conscience *is flattery's emetic.*

A large-footed girl tramples on all the romance of life.

I love the morn, with its universal song of praise, borne on the pure breeze. I love the hour of noon, with its sun, that laughs for glee at his own power. I love the eve, with its shady walks, and its calm soft air. I love the night, with day's close in love,—with its close of light.

“*Common sense*” is put, I suppose, in opposition to “*genteel folly.*”

It is hard if the actress is not “quite a picture,” after the quantity of paint she has *expended.*

It is useless my closing my eyes in travelling away from home,—I cannot shut out remembrance.

It is most untrue that “Love is blind;”—I see Emma in every thing floating before my eyes : Love is a very Argus.

Let the doubter remember this : it is not the *glorious sun that causes the shadow*, but *his own dark body*, which comes between the sun and his care—the earth.

She cannot be touched by slander,—she moves among her accusers, like the moon amongst the clouds.

I asked where my friend was,—and *silence* answered my question.

Friendship is the poetry of the soul.

I wage no war with puny scribblers. To strike so low an object with my hand, I must *stoop*.

Talent is like a torch, which, if you direct its light *upwards*, it increases in brightness ; but, if you *turn it to the earth*, it perishes altogether.

How can I have a bad feeling in my heart,
when my heart *is full of you*?

We call every one who goes to church,
pious; and who gives away money, charitable:
we judge of the *merits of the work* by the
cover.

We argue, it seems, that as "Giving away
is not charity," "charity is, not giving away."

The Atheist talks of your easiness of belief.
The *incredulous* man trusts in the fool's sneer;
the *credulous*, in the Word which has stood the
"rock of ages."

The magic *circle*, to the glutton, is the
round of beef.

In our vanity we *exalt* our *very vices* to
virtues. The wizard *Self-love* raises devils.

Vice is the whetstone *which sharpens*
Time's scythe.

The slanderous author writes with a coal.

"The proper study of mankind is man."
What! would you give him such a bad book
to read?

We have in England three classes,—the laborer, the merchant, the aristocrat: our nation is divided, like Guinea, into the *grain*, the *gold*, and the *ivory* divisions.

In *eighteen feet* Dryden would fain cram in 145, as the cruel wretches did in the Black Hole of Calcutta.

I love the rushlight, which burns *only* for me, more than the sun, which shines on millions, and gladdens perhaps the heart of him who would prey upon my life-blood.

“What dire events from trivial causes spring!” A word, a look, has bathed a world in blood: how hard is it to find the *source* of the Nile, that *overflows* Egypt!

| The best monument over the good man 'is the earth, that brings up the sweet spring flowers; and the best tears over him, the tears of the sky, which fall, as his fell, only to bless and fertilize!

It is bad, in reading the Bible, to give up a text directly, and say “it is above my finite

comprehension;" we should rather say, as may be said to every one, "*I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.*"

It is no use our saying "we are religious," if we do not show it. St. Paul's companions, *though they heard not the voice; by the light which they saw*, they knew that he was favoured by heaven.

We would indeed appear to think the road of salvation a *narrow* one;—only broad enough for *one person* to travel in.

Beware of Polly's eyes! those *free blacks* are tyrants, trying immediately to make slaves.

The motto of the King of Bohemia is the motto of fallen, degraded human nature,—"*I serve.*"

"If you sleep not, tell us one of your stories:" I should imagine many of our dull relations would not need that reservation.

The witty jokes on the rank of his lowly-born love, and the tears of his lady-relatives to him, sufficiently prove that he will go through *fire and water* for her.

“The proper distance,” I wish my noisy free friend to keep, is the distance between his house and mine.

The way of salvation is quite as open to the rich as the poor : the road to heaven is broad enough for carriages.

A place where there was no bidding good-bye,—no bright eye dimmed, or turned away—would, from those things only, be a heaven.

Every one would live above their income now: many men besides Edward the First, have had to *mark* their wife’s journey by *crosses*.

Your liberty-men will tell you, that he who will not speak up for freedom ought to be *imprisoned*.

I wonder not that Louis XVI. and Charles I. lost their heads : I only wonder they missed them.

The voice of nature is the only voice that cannot speak blasphemy.

Of the poetry of many a scribe in the

“Farthing Magazine” we have a summary in Goldsmith: “He used to say that Croaker rhymed to Joker, and then we used to laugh—poor Dick !”

How miserable is the glutton, who sells his birthright of *cleanliness* for a *mess of pottage*.

The bolting glutton literally eats his *bread in the sweat* of his brow.

To elevate a *weak, fluctuating man* to the Ministry, shows that those in power are *forced “to raise the wind.”*

After Emma left me, I almost envied the blind man who groped by me: *he* could not see the book kept open no longer by the smallest of fingers; the song her eye rested not now upon; and every little darkness that her smile had made light. There certainly is a smell of a going-away morning, a raw chilling smell; and a look in the day, that makes us envy the corrupted dead we walk upon,—the head on every tombstone seems to laugh at us, “*You live on.*”

Akenside described the pleasures that he did not know.

I was reading a poem on Hope's pleasures the other day, and found one pleasure the author did not mention,—the “pleasure of hoping” I was soon coming to the end. Alas! all its pleasures are untrue. The poem was the hope delayed that makes the heart sick.

“What are you sighing for?” you should rather ask me, what am I not sighing for?

After Emma left me, I certainly found, (in spite of all philosophy may say,) that there was such a thing in nature as a vacuum.

The wedding-ring is a fairy ring, with joys that always sport in its magic circle.

I often fancy the mighty poet partook partly of the blessing he desired,—to drink of “Lethe's fabled stream,” for he has quite *forgotten* that many of his ideas are *literally copied*.

After the public confession of his faults, he

stands as innocent as Pilate, after he had washed his hands.

Alas ! the *signs* of our times are the *signs* of the drinking-shops.

Though woman's life is a *frail thread*, yet must I needs rest the *whole* of my *heart* upon it.

Many men make their ignorance public and conspicuous, they push it before our eyes :—this is the “*darkness visible*” of Milton.

“ Do not laugh at me.” It is hard certainly to give us at once the spur and the check.

The elegance of the wife is the downfall of the husband : when Eve first exercised “*her taste*,” *Paradise* ceased to be *Paradise*.

In the *Paradise of Ignorance* bad authors are like Adam and Eve,—naked, and not ashamed : let them but once eat of the tree of knowledge, and they will quickly try to hide themselves.

Eve got her *dessert after dinner*.

“ Good things are put into small parcels.”

The best works of mathematicians are their shortest, *by just so many pages.*

Religion makes a blessing to the Christian of the afflictions and *the tears* that destroy other men; *as the same waters that overwhelmed the Egyptians, to the believers formed a wall of safety.*

The Papers announce truly one thing at public dinners: "The *Chairman was then drunk.*"

Marriage is exactly opposite, very often, to the instruction on a door: the latter is "*Knock and ring,*" the former, "*Ring and then knock.*"

The beggar will invariably lie to make up his story. *Necessity* is certainly the mother of Invention.

I never believe in the modesty of the bad man: the murderer's cheek is too deeply dyed in blood to *show a blush.*

If a man would write a play, and make the murderer a fool, and the seducer a booby, the stage might become a moral instructor: but

as long as the assassin is attractive for his diabolical soliloquies, and the paramour for his *naiveté* and ringlets, the moral at the conclusion is not read, nor regarded.

I have seen, in my short life, Ministers going on in office, bungling and bungling, and getting out of one mistake only by jumping into another:

“ And when they saw their eyes were out,
With all their might and main,
They jump’d into another hedge,
And scratched them in again.”

The mother had lost her son at sea, and she could not help thinking how exceedingly vain it was to draw Hope leaning upon *an anchor*.

It would appear in all ages to have been out of fashion for women to understand *a dead tongue*.

To the Christian, the week has seven days of rest.

In speaking the dead languages the professor “ *thrice slew the slain.*”

The hypocrite's tears, being *not pure* water, falling on the recording angel's writing, make the deeper blot.

Men in office have proved that if "knowledge is power," power certainly is not knowledge.

Our treadmill seems now used to "grind the faces" of our houseless poor.

A bad man cannot make himself look white instead of black by endeavoring to appear so : he only looks like a negro in the leprosy.

The many geniuses of private life, the Shakspeares of circles, are "*great*," only as long as that word is followed by the "*unknown*."

The bad tragic actor stamps, and raves, and bawls: he literally appeals much more to the *head* than to the heart.

Our way of living now is much more ruinous to time than the simplicity of our fathers: we lose many days by changing *old* into *new style*.

The wheel of fortune is cruel: it is a Catherine wheel.

The grasshopper, the emblem of glee and liveliness, is rightly put *outside* the Exchange!

What can we say of those who go about our land raising up sedition and ill-feeling? What is bad enough for those *political incendiaries* who set *our village homes on fire*? The liberty they cry out for is the *liberty* of the *hyæna*.

The desperate man, *resolved on suicide*, ties the knot in his handkerchief to gain forgetfulness, and not remembrance.

The *spirit* of Sheridan I should rejoice to see, in the place of his former greatness.

There shall be *universal love* as long as I have a tongue to *rail* at its opponents.

When a man "gives us his honor" so freely, it is natural to enquire, "Is it *yours* to give?"

Every thing *lovely* in nature raises my mind to *high* and *holy* thought;—the *sublime* and the *beautiful* I find inseparable.

The ages of man are like the ages of the world : first, the rich in happiness, *the golden age* ; then the "*pure silver*" time of early youth ; then the *brass* age of manly confidence ; and last of all, the *stern iron* age, that *bows us* to the ground.

He thought " he thought ;"—but he was mistaken.

"Get something, (advisers say,) such as casting up sums, or copying letters, "to *occupy his mind*." What a conception of the mind of man, which would grasp the stars in its ambition ! I have drudged : my eye, my common sense, has been with the twos and threes, but my *mind, like the dove*, has found no *resting-place on all the earth*.

The aged Christian fell asleep upon a *wintery night*, and woke upon a *spring morning*.

I have ever found the first stage on the road to virtue is, into the country.

Tears are binding, uniting. Two drops of water will invariably mingle together and blend into one.

“Treat your friend as if he may one day be your enemy”—only, in never turning your back upon him.

The king who, from his power, despises his people, says, in fact, “I am secure, being raised above the wave,”—and cuts the only plank he rests upon.

He praises virtue,—and bows to himself.

O! wicked Chantry! you might make a Christian fall down and worship a *stone*.

Religion is life’s nightingale, singing sweetest when all other songsters are become mute.

Woman is hard-hearted to those, often, who love her most: she might defy *Shylock* to exact his bond from the *most mortal* part of her.

Experience of *the world* might teach us to be fools.

There are no patriots now. None of your radicals and blasphemers will *die*—for the *good of their country*.

I cannot think my lines on Emma bad, *since she called them forth*.

On viewing the many virtues of childhood, I cannot refrain sighing, like Xerxes, to think that in a few years there will not be one of this noble band remaining.

Our little patriots, like little birds, *only open their mouths so wide*;—for something to be put in, *to stop them*.

Cant resembles a young wife married to an ancient husband: she weds religion, looking forward to *live by his death*.

All young things are greedy: the “touch” of a child is invariably “the *touch of taste*.”

All the joys of a pipe I hold to be *smoke*.

The spendthrift makes his house a picture, and then tears it up.

When I was rich, my friends all came to spend “*a long day*” with me: however, as *soon as it got dusk*, they went away.

The stake that every man has in his native land is the stake that incloses his own fields.

It is very curious that the day my friend leaves me, I always find to be the 21st of *June*.

Alas! Passion can easily leap over Sense's *five-barred* gate.

All malice sinks before Jackson's: like Aaron's, *his serpent* swallows up all the other serpents.

"Talk" is a great thing; as with the Grecians, what are set up now as *oracles*, are in reality but *empty brazen* vessels.

The doubter seizes hold of *Reason's light*, and *puts it out*.



The *wooden walls* of England are *sounding-boards*.

Alas! our consciences are not so fortunate as Pilate: to *them* their question of "What is truth?" cannot remain unanswered.

If we are all miserable on earth, let us bind ourselves closely together with our *iron chain*.

Some men's minds only ascend to heaven, when they are thinking of larks for a pie.

Those walls of the heart, good resolutions, like the walls of Jericho, fall down before the *shoutings* of the *multitude*.



He is the most industrious fellow in being idle.

How generous are our advisers: *they give* so much, and will not take *anything* in return.

Liberty—the tyrant of the soul!

An *absent friend* is the best instructor to teach us to pray.

Tears of babies are the first-born of a numerous race.

It is hard to swallow a word of unkindness from a friend: could I do so, it would *lie heavy at my chest*.

The “*road to health*” is a *foot-path*.

The rich rogue’s fame is conspicuous only from being written on so black a ground.

The bread of affliction is our “*cottage bread*.”

The braggart surely is innocent; he swears by nothing, swearing only “by his honor.”

The bad man gains the *end of life*, and finds it *death*.

It is a very wrong expression to bring

tidings of miseries and of crimes, and call it *news*.

The Members meet and *laugh*. In this they certainly do *not represent* their constituents.

There are some beings so degraded they would willingly *wear a chain*,—could they by doing so get a gold eyeglass to attach to it.

The stupid great man, like a clown, only gets up—to tumble down.

The bad speaker resembles Captain Parry; he goes a very long way, and only ends his journey because he cannot get any further.

I dislike to see a man rise to say he's "proud," and then stumble: it proves, however, that pride will have a fall.

Many an author, on every subject of petty and short-lived importance, hopes that his book shall last for eternity: the only reason for his trust, that I can find, being, his book *has no end!*

There are many men who would kill three



horses, in their anxiety to attend a meeting against cruelty to animals.

The good man in his raging fever cannot surely lack water, for his relative's eyes can supply him abundantly.

Against the enemy, bad health, I strongly advise you to "*take the field.*"

Cain was the first boy who had the *school virtue of emulation.*

The pious parent, like the ostrich, committed her young to *the dust*, knowing the *Source of Light* would bring it *into life and glory.*

The boasted light of reason and of nature is shown sufficiently in the glare of conquered, burning cities, and widows' funeral piles.

Man holds his head erect towards the heavens--not to gaze upon the glorious sky, but to avoid noticing those he thinks two shades below him.

It is little good for a man to say he believes, if his *life* speaks Atheism.

The universal Levellers have at any rate succeeded in degrading the *Majesty of Man*.

The sun rises in his might often to show murderers their victim more distinctly.

The precept of health is a maxim that *he that runs may read*.

It is right that the same country which produces gold should produce drugs—the bane and the antidote.

The good patriot sets our minds on fire, only like the sun does the sky, by brightening and irradiating them.

In the churchyard is the philosopher's stone.

“A great book is a great evil.” Books resemble Russia, the largest—are the most scantily peopled.

The husband does not mind his wife having the last word,—if that word be the echo of his wit.

I wonder any one should say that the indecent libel flags in interest as you ad-

vance; I am sure I liked the *end* of the book much better than the *beginning*.

The Bible—the “good fellow’s” complete “Jest Book,” and Boon Companion’s “Vade Mecum.”

How can I have a happy idea of Eternity, when the only just emblem I ever found of it was my aunt Mary’s anecdote?—or perhaps a fool’s joke, without *end* or *point*.

Never trust to any thing except what you see: even truth—*lies* at the bottom of the well.

Worship of a made-up beauty is indeed idolatry: since, in worshipping her, we really adore wood and cork.

We cannot be good except by our co-operation: the morning dew that fertilizes the field rises from the very field it blesses.

The thinker on Nature’s works may, like Pharaoh’s daughter, find wisdom in the bulrushes.

There is so much softness, and so much

injury, in his mouth, that you might fancy he had fed on the wilderness fare of *locusts and honey*.

“What do all his arguments come to?”

—Seventeen pages.

It is a pity that it does not strike our noblesse, that vice is the most *common* thing there is.

It does not need the Bible to tell us of an Atheist or a Deluge: the world affords us sufficient proofs of both, in the destructions they have caused.

Many a man studies the Bible to learn blasphemy.

Woman's modesty is the sword which guards Paradise.

Men lose their independence for luxuries—sacrificing their birthright to gain more food.

The funeral of our benefactor is at hand. Ring out your mournful knell! our tree is dry and bare, our sun has looked farewell,

our night is black as misery. Ring out your joyful strain! our tree shall bloom once more, our sun shall rise again, our day smile in double glory. If tears could bring him back again to happiness, I would weep affliction dry; if but to worldly care and suffering, I would not, with one drop, soil his robe of glory.

I think of the land of my Father as a land of never-varying affection; I muse on the land of my bosom friend of old, as a land of hearts united: alas! that I ought to think of thee as a land *once* my *father's*, as the country of broken friendship and deceiving treachery.

The box at the play is too often Pandora's box.

Charity *tells* the tale that she hopes "no one will *mention*."

Being contented with the *state of life* we are in, is a virtue we may share in common with the slug and the idiot.

I hate the punishments of soldiers and

OBSERVATIONS.

ors for petty misdemeanors and *trifling* *fts*;—when the mariner's *possession* gets *n nine points of the law*.

The point of honor is the point of a thorn.

The conceited man “knows himself;”—but *t* is only a *bowing acquaintance*.

Put nothing into one scale and a dandy into the other, and he will weigh down by just so much as the weight of his shirt-pin.

The meddling interferer in all men's matters is happy in this—*that he forgets himself*.

Those who now bring their tithes to the ancient church have a tone of bitterness and lurking dislike in speaking of her, which makes me doubt, though the hand be the meat-offering hand of Esau, there is cause for the venerable parent to fear the voice is the deceiving voice of him who is rightly named Jacob.

It is lucky that the talented libertine can so well “*digest* his thoughts:”—they would make any one else sick.

There is a taste that relishes mental cabbage.

The only tree of Liberty in Europe is the gallows-tree.

It is much more common to rave of love than to feel it: the *affection of the breath* is a much more common complaint than *the affection of the heart*.

How disgraceful it is to read of a set of men meeting together, successful in getting green peas at five guineas per peck, and for this good luck humbly chanting out "*Non nobis Domine !*"

The fool is the most successful of all men at an argument, for he has a most effectual silencer of your reasonings in his vacant countenance.

Man can make the pedant—the warrior—the king; but only God can make *the man*.

The pig-tailed man makes fun of himself *behind his back*.

I can bear with a madman's noise; I cannot bear with a simpleton's twaddle. The stream of water on my head does not injure me: the constant *drop by drop*, is a certain and cruel death.

The *purity* of woman has ever been with me the cause of love. *My Venus must rise from the sea.*

I heard a deceased being mourned over. "Poor fellow!" it was said, "to die—*away from all his friends.*" That appears to me the very reason there was no *cause for pity.*

A coquette resembles Medusa: we see in her curls only *captivation*, till *wisdom* turns them into *serpents.*

If I adore your heart, I fall down to a *stone.*

I cannot be thought a singular writer in praising James Montgomery: I can only be speaking every man's thoughts.

Adam and Eve tasted of the famous "*tree of Liberty.*"

Dr. Johnson's works are all Dictionaries ; as there is not in them a single word but *has its meaning*.

The good man finds no remembrance of his kindnesses till on his tomb. Both in life and death his charities are *written* upon stone.

It is astonishing to read the gross flatteries we meet with in every churchyard. Cannot the sight even of *death* deter the relatives from lying?

Surely it is somewhat hard if the conqueror cannot gain immortality, after having sent so very many to it.

The only *strokes* of cleverness in his manuscript are those which run through what he has formerly written.

The elegist proves himself to have been a *friend* to the deceased,—in not writing his poem *till after* his patron's *death*.

How do we go along with the author of many a tragic novel!—he sighs through the book, and so do we.

We judge of religion by the lives of its professors, instead of judging of the lives of its professors by religion.

We play with our faith like children with a toy; it is very fine, but we long to see what is in it: we break it, find nothing by doing so; and, by this foolish action, destroy all the happiness it before afforded us.

Advice appears to bless him that gives much more than him that receives: and so also does the *wish of kindness*.

A great many write their names in the book of human life, and merely make a *blot*.

Good resolution—the mountain that brings forth the mouse!

He places a great value on good deeds,—he keeps his charity locked up.

He sought *solitude*, and only found himself *alone*.

It is true in society, as well as in the mere fact, *we all look little in our neighbour's eyes*.

In the see-saw game of competition, I owe my *rise* entirely to *the heaviness* of my opponent.

The M.P. often stands for the country as a godfather for his godchild,—*only* to “*promise and vow.*”

Boswell’s jokes are the shadows of Johnson’s; six times as long, but without the substance.

A man who exposes his country’s weakness always exposes his own.

Like small writers, the avaricious man would put the Ten Commandments and the Belief in the compass of a shilling.

With Newton-like discoveries to make, and Howard-like acts to perform, man sits down, and declares “he has *nothing to do.*”

Your radical patriots are glad to see the waters troubled, as they have all something in view for the first *injured stepper-in to gain.*

What is the dulness of that man’s mind who gazes all night upon a heaven that would

turn Atheists pious, and butchers, poets; and only gains the knowledge that one star is a little farther off than he expected it to be.

The oath is the *fool's comma*,—coming in whenever there is a pause.

The philosopher soars, like Graham, above the earth, and all he does, from his elevation, is to throw a little dust down into our eyes.

It is beautiful to gaze on woman as a softener, a mediator, a peacemaker :—to behold the wife's mouth taking, like the *British Queen's*, the poison from her husband's arm.

What need is there now for man to live to a patriarchal age? He has managed to concentrate all vice into seventy years.

In church they need chanting,—they sing a requiem over dead devotion.

Scoffers make texts *crooked*,—by twisting them.

No man wages war with a fool: thus of old the *goose preserved* the *Capitol*.

Like the devil with Job, so are we with our

time,—we can make it miserable and weary :
alas! we *have not the power to destroy it*.

Every court of justice has its Judases—
betraying with a kiss.

Every thing is ruled and domineered over
in this world ; tyranny reigns from the least
to the greatest : this is the *endless chain* of
being.

The man who gazes on a noisy idiot, or
reads a dull philosophical pamphlet, will own
how false is the idea that “*pity is akin to
love*.”

A handsomely bound, but dull book, resem-
bles the dead, lying in state.

It is a sad pity that harmony so divine as
Lord Byron’s should have been exercised,
like St. Cecilia’s, in drawing back angels
from heaven.

The robe of charity is generally large
enough to be able to make cloaks also for a
little pride, and a little hypocrisy.

Of all the tedious women in the world, one

who tells her dreams is the worst. O, that sleep really were a state of forgetfulness!

We are resolved the Catholics shall not take from us "our religion," and so we have none: the best security against being robbed, is to carry no money about you.

In the book of many men's lives we read, "he was born," and "he died:" the intervening part may be put in parentheses.

There is no imperative to use to "myself."

Voltaire resembled a leopard: all his beauties consisted in his *spots*.

Our fame and reputation we sacrifice at far less than the cost price.

The woman of fashion, whom a *feather* can raise, must be very little indeed.

Time resembles my maiden aunt: as long as she is in front, she is the prettiest girl alive; but, as soon as we overtake, and look at her fully, she is a painted and broken dame.

Prosperity and adversity are *alike* sent in

mercy : the province of the *blasting lightning* and the balmy shower is the same,—to cool and fertilize.

This is the difference between common pride and “*proper* pride:” the common pride is that which belongs to the body of mankind; *proper* pride what belongs only to the one identical individual speaking.

A rag that belonged to *her*, I can well conceive making a book of tenderness !

My friends show a proper confidence in my affection;—as all the presents they give me are what only *affection* could make valuable !

In attempting to separate, as is so often done, *reason* and *religion*, we put *asunder* what God has *joined together*.

Those who draw me a ghost free from earthly qualities, do away with all his terrors: his *shadowy hand* cannot now separate *the father* from *the child*, nor his *spiritual mouth* eat costly viands for which his country pays.

Surely the English cannot be blamed for

forsaking the customs of their ancestors: still is there the painting of the ancient Britons, and the debauchery of the early ages.

We should surely look more carefully into the conduct and abilities of our school-masters. It is hardly safe to give the acorn, the *seed* of what will be England's glory, to the *keeping of the hogs*.

Alas! sad experience has taught every poor man to sign a *cross*, as the *mark* of *himself*.

Let me not swear by Emma's charms, for they are ever varying.

The author does indeed show us a "curious coincidence," not that "one man lost his leg, and his brother tired himself in dancing;" but that *he* can be such a ninny as to relate it.

Do men think there is only beauty enough in the world for one, that they must needs present their mistress with the charms they have *robbed others* of?

We cannot *look back*, and view the mingled career of folly and vice we have run, without having our *heads turned*.

My cousin boasts that he rises at five: and is there any thing to show for it? No!—then he merely glories he has fooled away more hours than we have. It is useless to *rise with the lark*, if we rise not with her to *heaven*.

Let us learn wisdom from conversation with all ranks, the labourer and the beggar: there is no degradation in stooping thus, since we stoop only to gather pearls.

There are more killed by intemperance than by the sword: *grape-shot* is effective ammunition.

I delight to visit the scene of my school-days—only to feel “they can’t keep me now.”

I really *am* surprised that Narcissus could reject Echo, when she repeated every thing he uttered.

If the world's commendation is all we look to, it is a very shadow. The *sneeze* shall gain the blessing the *widow's dried-up tear* could not.

Men do a mean act, and then boast of it as clever: if they will skin a flint, must they show me their choice collection of skins?

The crier knows he would gain no attention, even though he spake to us *of the child we had lost*, unless he commenced by *assenting to us*.

Every man calls his own erroneous idea the light of reason; and the voice of folly, the voice of nature.

Truth is not dead!—Why do people go to public sights, but to be able to say *truly, they were there?* They look *as miserable as patience* whilst they are at them, and have nothing to relate about them afterwards.

We generally “hope,” when we are certain all is right. *Hope was only found after all the evils were departed.*

Bashfulness is the greatest of all charms; modest, retiring girls, truly, “like Parthians, *wound us whilst they fly.*”

He is not in very severe grief, who can be put “in *mind* of the loved object” by a picture or a trinket.

A man’s grinning at his own jokes, like that of the skull of Yorick, makes *no one* mock it.

“Tongues made before teeth;”—evidenced by the critics, who show how much more familiar and easy it is for them to *bark* than *bite*.

The argument a dinner-speaker always lays down at the commencement of his oration is, that he is “quite unqualified;”—and his speech proves his argument correct.

He goes round, *and tells every one of his enemy’s offences;—and then adds, “But I forgive him.”*

The *light of reason* has *burned many a man’s fingers.*

If the universal receiver would come

liberally forward, he could soon wipe off the national debt. Every man has a "little bill" to make up—yet where lurks the lucky creditor?

The sinecurist says to the beggar, "Go, and work."

"Luxury," it has been said, "is the mother of arts and sciences:" if so, she is a mother *who spoils her children.*

Every one, I should think, will own the "blessing of sight," who has *sight* to read Steele's Essay on the subject.

Kindness, taken internally, is the best medicine.

In man's life, "pride goes before, and shame follows after;"—the one "to come"—the other the sad reality.

"I leave him to himself," kindly says the relation, when he knows that the subject of his speech is going to fall.

It really is now become a curiosity to see "*milk from the cow.*"

We *question* our consciences, but we have too much business to transact in the world to wait for an answer.

A woman's improving her attractions by confidence, is like putting brandy to water: we increase *the spirit*, but by just so much do we diminish the *purity*.

Alas! in going to parties, women crowd on every ornament they have got but one, and that—the highest, they leave, as only fit for home—the ornament of modesty.

It is too bad to be able to find no subject of conversation but the weather, over and over again: has not the *subject* itself set us an example of *change*?

Always flatter a man on that quality in which he is deficient: his good parts need no untruths; the *weakest part* always requires the most support.

Adversity tries us, and the *world* pronounces us "*guilty*."

If a foolish man could but once be made to

hear his own folly, he might get better,—as the heavy sleeper is wakened by his own snoring.

The noisy fellow thinks he *plays* the fool : we think that it is not *acting*.

I cannot bear to see a talented woman making pets of puppies and puppets; the reason why I do *not* love your dog is, that I *do* love you.

Riches, that we build our pride upon, are but low honors: the showiest palace has the lowest foundation,—far below the *common surface*.

The man who can only reply by force to an argument, resembles St. Denis, who *carried his head in his hand*.

Theologians often go so deep in the stream of *knowledge*, they *strike upon the ground*.

He has made his bounty *conspicuous*,—only *by bringing up orphans to tell it*.

Barrington, recounting the pleasures of roguery, resembles the sweep, who lived on

the *smell* of the *dinner* he had *not the power to partake of*.

There is much feeling in industry, of *idleness*: we occupy ourselves in the hope of a *vacant* time coming, by our exertions now; and also to rest from having the weight of our own thoughts to bear.

Surely Members *should fight their country's battles well*,—having so many rehearsals amongst themselves.

O, Ostentation, how great is thy sway! The retired tallow-chandler's purse is *so heavy*, “he cannot walk.”

We are never contented: the rich man always compares *much* with *more*.

We ought to give much to get into power, if merely for the privilege of promising.

Every sixpence you take from him, you exact *Shylock's* bond.

That there may be no doubt of his sabbath-breaking, he puts three witnesses *behind his carriage*.

The cup of life has a great sediment at the conclusion.

Absence never extinguishes friendship. The loss of fortune is the last thing to make us cease from sighing for it; our complaint is, not that we "*see bad days*," but that "we have seen good ones."

How eloquent is silence! Amongst the other's noise and blasphemy, a man's *silence tells* us his *birth*, his *education*, and his disposition.

The man will be varying and fickle, who lives entirely upon the approbation of men. The same animal who was said to *subsist upon air*, was also said to change its colors continually.

The death-bell of the Christian, is the *Sabbath bell*.

The searcher into *Nature's secrets* writes a lengthy book, merely, like my correspondent, to say "he has nothing to say."

I read ***'s book, and can therefore speak:—thus do we gain *wisdom* by *sorrow*.

Wisdom is gained from the book of affliction: this is a book we wish our neighbour should read, and tell us all about it.

Domitian, had he lived lately *in France*, would have been a first-rate medical professor—a scientific philosopher. Science there appears to be synonymous with cruelty.

Every man has friends ready to participate in his prosperity. What formerly were called *cannibals*, are now called *cousins*.

Every man would have the “key of Heaven”—a patent key.

We should take care of the bad language we use before woods and children—the *echo* of our own words may return back to us.

It is a pity the *low* author’s schoolmaster impressed not on him, *not to blot his book*.

Resignation is a cloak against the storm, which we do not use in *bad weather*, for fear it may spoil.

In *life’s* book, *the necessity for a second*

edition is shown by the *inaccuracies* of first.

The mistakes in the author's book furnish him with a subject for a second vol

In preaching and in speaking, the '*word in conclusion*' is never "*finis*:"—is as long a space between *going* and *gone* in an *auctioneer's* oration !

It is surprising to see how our little dote magnifies. After a year, our m offspring will be so grown, its *own father* not know it again.

The sage looks upon all the world as sons,—but only shows it by dictating to t

We read the libellous book against a man, but not his vindication. The *fact* is entertaining, but the *explanation* is tedious.

Oh! how the shallow-brained deligh deal in mystery! It gives an air of im ance!—even pigsties look grand in a *fog*

We are all grateful; if writing a letter of flattery, or saying "how we feel," is grati

We pay the debt of obligation *by a paper currency*.

The un-necessary *words* an author puts in his book are sufficient to compose a pamphlet against him.

The first page in the book of life is a blank, for the giver to write his name in. No high rebellious thoughts against *heaven* at that first hour of the day!

If the *Vox Populi* be the *Vox Dei*, it is when he *speaks* in his *anger*,—as in the destroying earthquake, or the rending whirlwind.

Why do we leave our own home for pleasure? We wander in a foreign barren land, forsaking the *mother's bosom*,—that *land flowing with milk and honey*.

I have not quite wasted or lost my childhood. I bless heaven for the love I still have for plain bread and plain water.

We shall never, by any good acting, make a figure on the stage of life, if we enter with a fall.

The spiteful man says, "The poor lamb is very innocent,—but he is very good food."

Alas! Jackson has no possibility of showing kindness to *his inferiors*.

The right height for a man, *i. e.* the height of the speaker:—a gawk, above him; pigmy, below him.

He considers his boasted reason a *gift*,—not to be *given away*.

If we wanted to know how bad must be the condition of the slaves, we have only got to reflect that *men are their own masters*.

The terrors of death are *childish*. The death-bed [is but the Saturday night which precedes Sunday.

It is enough to cause the laugh, to see the philosopher, ass-like, eating thistles.

He is really most steady in his constant fluctuations.

The eyes I love are those which shine like the light of the glow-worm,—to direct; and not like that of the fire,—to destroy.

Perseverance can be a vice. *By it*, Napoleon gained the Alps, and Jem Hodges the gallows.

There are not many letters in the language of the heart.

Why is there not universal harmony and friendship? *Every man* associates *only* with the élite.

Constancy is not a virtue, if it be constancy *in vice*. The *bad* shilling boasts it is not liable to change.

The *drunkard* we certainly always appear to think a *dry fellow*. He is most *pleasant* when he is *not himself*.

Every one is against the man above him. The cup that *runs over* we *pronounce leaky*.

How many think evading a question is answering it. To a charge, we often clear our throat, instead of our conscience.

She speaks the book of the heart, the others copy her: the value is in the *original*, not in the reprints.

The *good man braves not death, because he understands it.*

I would not, in matters of principle, have a fool's *breath blow out my brains.*

The easy goodnatured man has every kind of word for the poor, except "*take.*"

We plentifully give away our advice, without remembering the old maxim, "*Be just before you are generous.*"

It is a barbarous rule, that there is no point of honor but the point of our sword.

The blush is the only colour art cannot paint.

Retrospection is the *beautiful background* in the *view of human life.*

I admire gentility in a hovel, and simplicity in a palace. I can see no charm in "simplicity" in a cottage: it is applauding *him* for his "airy" dress, who has no coat to put on.

Let us in all things advance boldly: before us is the air, behind us is the dust.

Life is not the summer scene youth paints

it. It is at a distance only that heaven appears to meet earth.

The first word of nature is its parent's name.

We speak of the vices of our youth, only to shew the difference in us now ; as the two glasses of water in the River Company's window display the filth, only to point out how well it is filtered away.

The man who says " I have the right to speak, and I will speak," tries the power of *might* against *right*.

All Boswell's notes to Johnson's speeches are merely notes of admiration !

Why speaks not now the once-talking Radical ? He *can't speak now*,—his *mouth is full*.

Every man respects his mother's opinion, —for she thinks well of him.

Our secret we use like a curious bird ; we will not let him escape, *but we will just show him about to our friends*.

The Londoner puts "*art*" for "*heart*."

The kind raiser of ploughboys and pantry-keepers, generously shows that he does not consider *talent* necessary to make a great man.

The poor should know *their proper place*,—and not come to the *rich man's door*.

If “life is a jest,” it is a joke with a very pointed end.

To-morrow is the *shadow* that to-day casts.

There are two sides in politics,—*not* counting the side of virtue.

A consoling friend is the greatest enemy in sorrow. We generally wake up sorrow, by asking if it is not asleep now?

Those who assure us there never is a rose without a thorn, forget that there is often a thorn without a rose.

“Be content with your lot,” is the maxim of the mouth-filled man.

Many people call that “heavenly music,” which is only so because it is loud enough to reach the skies.

Death is a magnificent painter: his two

pictures—a weeping Mother, and an upturned Eye.

No man writes in favour of the Aristocracy who cannot spell the word.

He must be fond of the childhood he raves of : he tries to make himself as much like one of that stage of life as possible.

A thanksgiving is the most effectual prayer.

How are copied books read and praised ? In such matters, the *receiver* is worse than the thief.

The rule of life should be a strong one : it is well strengthened by *exceptions*.

I answer to the idiot's arguments—nothing ; and consider I have replied in a *kindred strain*.

The idea of wisdom coming with age, is absurd. Did you ever know the tree get stronger as it decayed ?

Repetition is the dull man's table-talk.

How connected are all our ideas ! the sailor

seldom thinks of heaven till the waves make him think of hell.

The picture all depends on the light in which you place it. A *rank Radical* in one light, is a *moderate Reformer* in another.

Even he must look for some second life, to pay his debts and learn his books in.

We do not thank the man who is rudely polite, who does us a kindness unkindly: the storm that fertilizes our field we do not feel grateful for, if it knocks us down by its violence.

It is no charity a man giving away after his death; in fact, he cannot—it is not his. Money is the living man's property.

The miser despises us because we have got so little money: we him, because he has got so much.

If you say, "Oh! you are very wise!" every man thinks you are making fun of him.

If "women talk so much," the railer talks

so stupidly;—he makes up in heaviness what is wanting in quantity.

The bard tells us he is wedded to poetry. The cleverest women often choose the weakest husbands.

If you make others comfortable, you make yourself so. It is not wise to pelt the ducks with dirt in the pond you are about to drink out of.

Always bring a bad man into your play:—it makes it *so natural*!

We let go the quiet moment we have in our hands, to grasp the one flying in front.

If she is not sensible of her beauty, she is not wise; it is the most apparent thing in nature.

If from a *dead* face I may learn the sad truths of vice, punishment, and mortality; from Emma's living one I may learn the far better ones of virtue, honour, and immortality.

The riches that would manure and fertilize

our plains we lock up in our boxes; and it becomes evident to every one that we have contaminating filth there.

We give *our good word* to the *drunkard* and the *libertine*,—kindly giving it to those who most need it.

Neglect time, and your best friend becomes your bitterest enemy.

The dandy “really cannot read,”—his curled ringlets come before his eyes.

Charity—the home-stayer!

People say they will submit to heaven’s will, and mean their own.

I do not praise the weak man for his innocence, any more than I do the bladeless knife for not cutting my finger.

I have heard a soldier rest satisfied with himself, by saying “there have been some pious men in the army,” though he himself is not one of them.

God makes victuals for all mouths, it is true; but *God does not make gourmands*.

There is no more morality in saying "Death comes to all," than in saying "Two and two make four."

I might argue with the thickheaded fellow, I might *prove my case*; but the *costs*,—alas! *the costs*!

In life, the quiet morning is the forerunner of the bright evening.

The talkative man should write a Catechism,—he says both question and answer so fluently.

He talks so much of his good actions, he has no time to do them.

An untalented Ministry will keep in, if they keep together: the bundle, even of *sticks*, is not easily broken.

Set a man's wit and tongue to race, the last will beat by the length of a family dis-closure.

The Church is a friend that improves upon acquaintance: our dislike shows we have not seen much of her.

Do not judge of a man when he is alone as

to his piety, (in *secret*, even a devil believes and trembles,) but judge of him in a crowded ball-room, or at a dinner-table.

How can people say they do not see heaven's judgments clearly in its ways to man? every one sees them evidently in his neighbour's misfortunes.

Your heroine, Mr. Poet, you had much better compare to the moon than the sun,—she does not burn, but she makes lunatics.

It is hard if we cannot make our reply as *heavy* as our antagonist's speech was *weighty*.

He who says virtue and riches are not to be joined, is a very mean man.

Fame has need to speak through a *trumpet*, for to other's worth we turn a *deaf ear*.

All I can say in favour of your copied book, is, that it is a very apt *quotation* upon the name.

Our popular preachers preach not against blasphemers, drunkards, or libertines,—they might hear, and be offended; but against the *Roman Catholic* faith,—that is sure not to be *in church*.

Doctors give "advice to the poor,"—and attention to the rich.

I never start cavils unless I am sure I can overturn them: I only put up my ninepins because *I have a ball* to knock them down with.

Masculine, gaiety; feminine, vice.

The critic's work becomes clever by the passages he quotes: thus does Jack Ketch shine in the victim's dress.

We glory in our deformity,—the false hair and the black patch: this is encouraging *art*. God made beauty, but man invented deformity.

To say a "man speaks his *mind*," is a wrong expression:—of the kind of being meant, it should be truly expressed, "he *speaks his speak*."

The patriot does "all for his country's good:"—as schoolmasters *whip* their boys, to do them service.

Age does not give wisdom: "the oldest inhabitant," is only known to the world as *having never seen* such a thing before.

Is it complimentary to suppose that if I say "I will be tried by *my country*," I mean by that, by twelve fat graziers?

On going away from home, I asked myself this question, "Why have angels wings? If they require them, heaven is not heaven."

Mistake,—the *Christian* name for *lie*.

We read in novels, "he wittily said;"—as linendrapers put on their goods "very cheap," for fear you should not know.

This I find to be the difference between wit and imitation,—the moon is in *heaven*, the reflection is in the puddle.

I suppose the young ladies' sleeves are so large, for them to laugh in, at those men who are caught by such things.

You ask me to describe Emma's beauties. Can I keep up *with Time*?

Your tongue says you are not young your beauty says you cannot yet have arrived at years of discretion.

Every man will die for his country; no one *will live for it*.

Universal charity is bad; relieve not indiscriminately : the rain that nourishes the field, fills the gutters.

Had man "a window in his breast," how many "lodgings to let," should we see? He would manage, however, I think, to put up a *blind*.

The titles over the lifeless body, and the dignities of the undeserving, are really mockeries—calling names.

A bad Minister is good for one thing,—he concentrates the public hate.

The debt of nature being paid, we may indeed become free.

The man spent his life in asking "What's o'clock?"—and death came at last, and he found he was "just too late."

We read with great relish of the scenes we should consider too low to go into: we stop our noses at the wash, but consider the pig who has partaken of it "delightful."

Making ends meet, seems a fit emblem of *eternity*,—as it appears impossible to do so in *time*.

I dislike your merry-looking dull fellows ; their wit sits in their eyes, singing, like the starling, “ I can’t get out.”

A wife and six children qualify a man (an expensive sort of knowledge,) for the office of beadle, treasurer, clerk, &c.

Look at your own bad passions, and you need not go into society to know mankind, —for you have seen the *world*.

I see no meaning in the feathers on the hearse,—unless they be typical of the relation’s grief.

Not a shilling will a Minister *throw away* : —he will *give it all to his own children*.

How can Dr. B. wish for the “ diffusion of universal *wisdom*.” Were his point gained, who would buy Dr. B.’s books ?

The nobleman wears his hat so high, he prevents the *man a little behind him* from seeing.

People only say “ It *may be* my turn next to go,” in hopes that polite Death will say to them, “ Oh, no ! I’m sure !”

Infamous libellers, like battledore-players

only keep the shuttlecock, reputation, up, by *their* blows.

The part where he praises himself in his book, is evidently not copied.

The philosopher, like the worker of Babel, tries to gain heaven, and often gains only "confusion of tongues."

A man's one idea is like a pea in a drum,—it makes far more noise than if the drum were full.

The sweetness of his love poem pointed out its destination,—at the pastrycook's.

The aristocrat is a good son: like pious Eneas, he carries his father about with him. He is also good, *in not trying to rival him*.

Where now are our Sheridans, our Pitts, and Burkes? Alas! our young men have exchanged *the fire from their mouths*, for *smoke*.

Money rules matrimony: the sacred fire of Love is now used to boil the pot.

In voting riches the cause of all evil, we kill a man by *furious driving*, and put a *deodand on the wheel*.

No man can be a good speaker by a loud tone; though his voice may reach very high, he cannot reach Wisdom: she dwells in the sky.

The temple of Fame is the castle in the air.

I cannot say, as some do, that I prefer studying men to books,—it is choosing *milk* in preference to *cream*.

That fragile thing, honor, is more delicate than glass, since even breath can stain it.

Our talking of the “*manly*” virtues being so much more noble than those of women, is nonsense. It is merely preferring *wild to garden flowers*, the last are merely the first *delicatzed*.

Those who say they will repent when they are old, argue on a *wrong conclusion*.

When a man talks reason, the common herd keep a stare of vacancy at him. Thus do the owls look at the sun, and cannot see.

It is a bad sign for a man, when he wants *to say another is deficient*, to knock his own *forehead*.

The only man who “freely opens his heart,” is he who is sure there is nothing in it.

Can you wonder that my heart is *full*,—with so many minute and tender remembrances of you?

His innocence is so clear,—it can be seen through.

It is not hard to understand the language of the eyes; it is only to look out the meaning of its words in that clear dictionary, the heart.

Riches resemble hawks: if *they have wings and fly* away, they would not go, if we did not *throw them off*.

Why do we not, in our love for novelty, try to make a *different answer* to the question of Who was the most just man? &c.

It is not the recluse who hates his fellow-men that can enjoy the beauties of nature,—they are all beautiful, (animate and inanimate,) as works of God’s love, and as such only can be appreciated.

Kindness of manner is everything;—as in

grammar, a very small word can connect quite opposite things.

Where are our Shakspeares and our Miltons now? Such names exist only on their monuments :—the fabric of England's glory rests upon *stone pillars*.

Our hatred of vice is the best compliment we can pay to Emma.

“Was”—the curse of mortality.

It is to be regretted, that the same men who reach the summit of Mont Blanc fall down over a stool.

The proud man is obliged to walk with crutches.

Charity, which, Midas-like, turns every thing it touches to *gold*.

We suck up poison *through a quill*.

It is no honor to gain the ear of a man, of whom the pillory has gained the fellow.

Christianity is the *good man's text* ;—his life *the illustration*.

I never can admire or understand the *preacher's rule*, unless he gives me an example.

No fear of *our friends* asking us in distress,
—in sorrow they cease to be such.

It is strange a man cannot learn to *keep his own* word, when he finds no one *else will take it*.

The scribbler at an inn manages to make even *glass* heavy.

Pray talk of the weather over and over,—it is the only thing you cannot spoil.

It is *self-love* that (reviewing my folly) makes me *hate myself*.

For a man to have his individual glory swallowed up in his country's honor, is a happy event for him: so rivers lose their names, in becoming part of the open, magnificent sea.

He can surely always manage to *live on spite*,—it is but to *bite his tongue*.

Tête a tête,—we should rather say, *man to man*.

We do much in the week ; Sunday is literally a day of rest: we go, in our *count of time*, by a *six-day* clock.

The man who asks favors, must talk for talking's sake.

I cannot but wonder the poets still go on invoking the Muse, who has so seldom granted her favors.

I do not admire your active bustling fellows; they seem to me to resemble watches—always faster than others, and, consequently, always wrong.

The only reason for the opinion of marriages *being made in heaven* is, that they are evidently ill adapted for *earth*.

The Muses serve bad poets like the ancients their slaves,—intoxicate them; and, by their folly, instruct their own children.

Every poem will convince us that the *Muses* are three times as numerous as the Graces.

The flames even of a *perishing world*, will make God's mercy *clear*.

God saw everything that was made, and pronounced it "very good;"—*man* also sees, and pronounces it "very bad."

We lay down as a rule, "that there are faults on both sides:" because the husband is bad, the wife is so also. I like not this *burning the woman on her husband's funeral pile*.

Why will not the world make my satire bad, by being good?

We often put up public statues to those who have done nothing to deserve the honor: those so honored serve their country thus, for *the first time*, by making a guide in walking about London.

Why do we not see now the fruit of the "midnight oil?"—alas! *that oil* is all expended on the heads of our young men.

If you would convince us that God is not a God of *mercy*, the best way is to be bad. He cannot be a being, we may say, of mercy, who has made such a scourge to the human race.

How much greater are the *titles* of many than themselves. Like a London sight, it should be with them, a shilling for the *thing itself*, and eighteenpence for the catalogue.

Did we not see it, we would not believe that any man could be conceited because a horse runs fast.

We never build a *castle* in the air,—our fancy always erects a *quiet cottage*.

We can bear the affliction well that is not our own; as the woman before Solomon could say, Cut the child in half!—for it *was not hers*.

We judge of people on the sea of life as they formerly judged of witches—if they float on in prosperity, they are in league with the Evil one; if they sink in adversity, they are innocent, but they perish!

The vicious aristocrat, the higher his *descent*, the greater has been his fall.

My heart is quite a home-stayer; it is fed on *mother's milk*: it never yet found it practicable to *follow the hounds*.

A philosopher may soar above the earth, yet if he fail to reach heaven, he only gets into the clouds.

I can read, like an astrologer, my destiny in the stars.

We call the appearance of honest industry in our traders, merit—*sterling* merit; rightly called sterling, for *it passes* here.

The talented bad man is a sun-dial;—he shows the sun's power only by the shadow he casts.

Hope, like Paganini, draws her sweetest sounds when she has only one string left to play upon.

Every handsome author should put his likeness in the beginning of his book,—we cannot help thinking there is better accommodation at the Angel than the Black Bear.

How many a genius has a godfather made. Your Shakspeare Smith can surely write a tragedy!

I advise the man of the world to get good temper and weakness to stand godfathers for his literary offspring—they will call folly, humour; and blasphemy, wit.

We believe, every man “brought on his poverty by extravagance:”—this is like a nurse whipping a child because it cries.

The worthless statesman may turn his coat over and over again, but he will not be able to hide the hole.

It is an ill wind indeed that blows nobody good. Is my barn blown down?—my grief is my neighbour's joy.

The blasphemer is like a Burkeite; he “takes in” knowledge only to destroy it.

The man who despises his immortal nature, *derives his height* from what he treads upon.

When vice is *united to fortune*, she *changes her name*.

Oh, woman! I wish that you would prove your youth more by your great innocence than by your short sleeves.

An unfriendly man is like a lemon,—if you *squeeze* him, you only get acidity out of him.

Seeing life, is, morally speaking, seeing death.

Simplicity is the best dress and the best ornament. The face and the gown need no *patch*, till both are growing old.

If you would get soon to Honor's temple—
take a coach.

She is very sociable; she always goes to church,—to see *her friends.*

The *flowers of the field* are the true *flowers* of eloquence.

If we would call on Riches, we must leave a playing-card.

Every man who knows himself from his neighbour, knows *right from wrong.*

Certainly the heartless mutes are fit emblems of wretchedness,—they would make one cry, if nothing else did.

Emma! It is hard *to come*, and tell me not to love. It is like putting a light before me, and telling me not to see.

The lover of nature is "*almost a Christian.*"

His great talking, and little doing, is like the great religious processions in India,—to offer a glass bead.

It is not hard to find the point at which the lowering of rank should stop: *every man is that point.*

Every thing in the world is false, made up, and deceptive: seeing, with me, is *disbelieving*.

An awkward woman puts me in mind of a figure in a "tableau vivante,"—she is an angel, a picture, *till she moves, and breaks the delusion*.

Riches, if they be an evil, they are like affliction,—an evil from which good results.

The bacchanalian "*sons of joy*" are like their father only in the face.

Vices are the shadows of virtues.

I would not deny my assertion, to be a second time a Minister: I would not grow *fat* by *eating my own words*.

The only mark of many a man's having ever lived, is the mark that records *he is dead*.

In the arguments, numerous as the sands, of the great talker, I merely find "enow to be killed, enow to be taken prisoners, and enow to run away."

Her tongue may talk Italian;—I care not, so her eyes talk English.

I ask for a right value of my time,—not for

the fourscore years. It is little advantage to the traveller that the sun sets not till very late, if the day has *been all passed in clouds*.

Carelessness will soon overtake the young lady; it has already trodden down the heels of her shoes.

He let me know delicately of my faults; *he told them* so as to let the report come to me through another.

If the poor man begins to tell me the story of his distresses, my own sense will point out to me what will be the *conclusion* of his narrative.

Byron has done some good to his country, —he has kept 162 poets off the parish.

We go to war “for the sake of Peace.” I fear she would not understand the compliment.

The miser tells us he wishes all the world well: what a control, then, can he put over his own desires!

If affliction is a blessing, it is one over which I *weep* for joy.

The *sword* of justice too often has a golden *sheath*.

Repartee is like a Catherine wheel,—it dazzles only by its quickness.

The smallest drop of water, a tear, would not generally make a good subject for the microscope—as there *is nothing in it*.

On the stage of life all is pantomime; Self-conceit is the Harlequin: with one touch from his wand, the old man becomes young, the miser an economist.

I cannot but fancy my fair friends dance, like the women in the ancient rites, *in honor of the Graces*.

The enemy “beneath our notice,” is the chief subject of our talk and thoughts;—thus do we like to elevate the lowly.

The man who anticipates too much in the future, loses the present; he *looks before him*, and *has his pocket picked*.

We all try to do that for which we are not fitted;—as the blind man’s employment is to sort colors.

People are always for degrading those above them, “they are tyrants,”—and for

keeping down those below them: the tiger that feeds on us is a *murderous beast*, the lamb *must of course be kept for our consumption*.

How could man ever have made a language? How *could he have expressed by words what he wanted?* Any public meeting now, will convince us of the truth of this.

Of the "*picture*" of happiness there are few *illustrations*.

A few pennypieces make a man "very charitable;"—small things make a great result.

A virtuous action may sometimes be done by a bad man. A single swallow shows not a coming spring,—it may be the *only one* which has not migrated.

The joyful boast that we shall all be equal in the grave, is not true: to talent there can be no levelling; genius never can be annulled,—it is, I had almost said, the voice of Heaven.

He is no *Christian* who despises talent.

The appearance of any *man* who is a miser, is a lie: it says, nobleness; his life says, mean littleness.

It is ridiculous to see in a churchyard, the care taken to secure the box, after the jewel is gone.

His good actions are done so secretly,—I doubt if any body on earth knows them.

If you speak the truth, every one will call you a liar.

A man who turns so often (in his politics) will either fall, or he *will get a seat*.

On women, would-be wits jest;—so babies *put up their finger* at the sun, because *he is above them*.

The hard-hearted man is the worst of all characters. If we have strength enough to *pull down the support* of other men like Sampson, like him also we perish in the ruins.

The enthusiast, because *he can't see*, declares *it is the sun* that makes him blind.

Her Isabella-colored innocence.

We rise by humility. The blossoms will never *be high* in the air, if the root is not *low* in the ground.

Those who are honest, as *the best policy*, are half way to being rogues.

The "*good fellow's*" jokes are "*as broad as they are long.*"

You may surely expect the *lying patriot* to do much for his country,—when he has already sacrificed his reputation.

If a man in his liveliness says "Now I will be a fool,"—it is no sooner *said* than *done*.

Singularity we consider cleverness,—as we judge every bird to be a nightingale that sings *at night*.

The man who follows a good example, must of course be behind it.

The weak man should, like the Egyptians, write his thoughts upon the reed.

I do not see any piety in him who will not show it to the world: concealed virtue is evident vice.

Happiness is quite social: there is little in solitude. In the world, we put into a lottery *whose prizes are all sold* IN SHARES.

We judge of the merit or demerit of an

action by the actor. "Flemington is in the Gazette"—"Oh, a Knight!" "Snobbs is in the Gazette"—"Oh, a bankrupt!"

What is consistency?—a word of four syllables.

There appear to be two words of only four letters of which grown people do not know the meaning, Whig and Tory.

Alas! often in life's lottery its *blanks* are its prizes.

His wealth is purely imaginary: his riches are in the Chiltern *hundreds*.

If the *punishment of death* were attached to the attempt at *suicide*, how scarce would the crime become!

It is lucky when interested views work to the country's good. The squirrel often plants the acorn, and, while he is merely laying up store for himself, is the unconscious source of *England's future glory*.

I would not degrade myself, in order to be exalted; nor *have my back bent*, to be dubbed "*My Lord*."

Begin your book with a complimentary dedication to some man,—one person then, at any rate, will own your first page has wit.

“ You cannot expect the clergy to be better than other men,” it is said: true. I would have both equally good; but I would accomplish this by *elevating the people*,—not by lowering their pastors.

In religious matters, twenty *grains* of pride are sufficient to make one *scruple*.

The reason men dislike the *matrimonial ring* is, that to it *there is no end*.

The subject of Corn Laws has always seemed to me a very torpedo—making those *dull who handle it*.

The pleasure of retrospection is an idle one—it is merely the cat playing with her tail.

His death,—the Amen to the guilty prayer of his life

The best joke gets dull by its length: the plainest man, sometimes, was the handsomest child.

The patriot speakers appear to me to talk *in their sleep*.

The fleeting hour is an enemy indeed, and one that *gives no quarter*.

A penny saved a day, makes a miser at the end of a year.

Man is the nearest imitation of the *monkey*.

How could I continue fond to her who has treated me so cruelly; the tears I shed turned to *ice, falling on so cold a breast*.

Our book of recorded actions of the day might be easily written. "17th, Bad as could be to-day."—"18th, Ditto ditto."—"19th, Ditto ditto," &c.

It is penance enough for the fine lady to watch over her jewels;—*to count her beads*.

You ask me if I prefer going up hill or down hill: you might as well wish to know which I think the *pleasantest*,—the *precipice* or the *gallows*.

Luxuries take away the coppers from the poor man: Lazarus cannot have *the crumbs*, they are wanted for the veal-cutlets.

We can all easily trace *our descent* from *disobedient Adam*.

If we judged of printing by *some of the publications we see hawked about the streets*, Faustus was indeed in league with the devil.

The greatest rogue sometimes "tells us how bad, men are." We need no lesson of *mortality*, with a *gravestone* by our side.

The culprit *meant* badly, but could not carry his intentions *into effect*: as a punishment, *let him stand to be shot at by Cockneys on the 1st of September*.

Many a *shilling* bears the *stamp of charity* which is but counterfeit coin.

"Weakness," is the watchword to Heaven's gate.

The *last battle* is always *the first*,—in a speaker's history.

Bad writers, like soldiers, gain their notoriety by their death.

My earliest remembrance is of sorrow; and the world has taken care to keep it fresh in my memory.

Flattery is always bad: if just, disliked; if unjust, a lie.

He said there was no eloquence in England—and *never said any thing* to contradict his assertion.

He is an impartial Member who speaks for four hours and a half, and *supports neither side*.

In such times, the man who speaks *with moderation must speak with fire*.

School friendship is like the friendship of the devils, in "Paradise Lost,"—they cling together from misery.

He wrote a very bad thing—that is, his name.

Man says "*there is no God,*" and *Heaven and Earth* bear witness of his untruth.

"Our brave peasantry, the very *flower* of our age,"—we send to be *cut down* in bloody warfare.

What is *play* to many an actor, is death to me.

The *present* time is the *greatest time* in all our lives.

Every reflecting man is a brave man.

Love and hatred are connected closer than would be supposed,—connected by jealousy.

In several thousand years, the adulterer has been able to find no better excuse for eating forbidden fruit, than Adam's: "*The woman tempted me, and I—did eat.*"

If a mystery-making man says "I know *something*," he is proud of it: it is *the first* of its race.

We beat our bodies on account of sin, and say, "O flesh! O flesh!" when it is *our heart* that is at fault: so the footman kicks the footboy, because his master has kicked him.

Wine,—the inspirer of the devil's poet laureate.

The bad poet who invokes the Muse appears to serenade a sleeping fair.

An anecdote-teller is often a great stutterer, for he says the same thing *over and over again*.

Is it a sign that I am beaten in an argument, because I retire from it? Is the blush

on woman's face, the sign of guilt in the woman, who "would none" of the talker's allusions, or in him who raises it?

I am not so lucky as the "rural" poet;—*he sees* "a buskined maid," *I*—"a fool."

A man who puts aside his religion because he is going into society, resembles a person taking off his shoes because he is about to walk upon thorns.

There is to me something delightful in all the *pure* gifts of God: all water, to me, is *holy water*.

In the path of virtue, we appear to act like men of business; we put up "We shall be *back in half an hour*," but take no note of *the time from which the half hour is to be reckoned*.

There is no man so licentious as the *old sinner*: those seem to like the appearance of vice who require spectacles to look at it.—The glasses make it CLEARER, through their *long inspection* of the microscope.

Licentiousness is an adopted child; it takes

the name of wit, because wit brought it up.

The friendship of Johnson and Boswell proved that "*great wit to madness is near allied.*"

Practising elocution from bad speeches, is like Demosthenes putting *pebbles* in *his* mouth.

Some men's writing against virtue, is like the critic's criticising the play he has never seen.

Alas! the young ladies at evening parties are wrong in the assertion, "*they sing a little.*"

The spendthrift can afford to laugh—*his* parents cry for him.

Vanity,—the Income Tax.

It is evident, by the ignorant works that issue from the press, that *writing* is now taught before *reading*.

The woman who could manufacture watch-papers with her toes, is nothing when compared to a young lady of the present day,

who can *cut up* a friend *with her eye*, and write a man an ass with her upper lip.

My heart is a very echo,—dwelling on “*the last word.*”

Pride nourishes science, it is said. We kiss *the child* for the sake of the *nurse*.

Emma has *the most perfect imperfections.*

All nature speaks of God: while man denies his wisdom, *the very stones cry out.*

May our *dreams of happiness here*, prove to have been *dreams to become true in eternity.*

Paganini's one string he plays upon, is the chord of every man's heart.

The *stream of the verse* should *flow easily* which has no *idea to come in and interrupt the course.*

To the man of the world, *the passing hour* reminds him to get ready *for dinner.*

Alas! that the freshest words in every man's memory are—good-byes.

Our experience in grief costs us little, when *we manage to get it second-hand.*

There is in Parliament no economy of words.

Recollecting our youth of folly, appears to be the greatest “pleasure of memory.”

Half the reason why we think *Burns inspired*, is because he spoke in an unknown tongue.

If I *could tell* Emma’s merits, I should not be in love with her: they are *unspeakable*.

The man bidding good-bye, who cries, generally like a child, *cries before he is hurt*.

You may be sure *any wicked* idea is not *original*.

Time mocks me, *as soon as my back is turned*.

We sacrifice our principles for money;—in fact, *these fixtures may be taken at a valuation*.

The *Christmas fire* is the proper fire to sacrifice the *tiger and the wolf upon to the household gods*.

The doubts the scoffer raises, resemble *poor men’s children*; their fathers are not able

to support them, and therefore they come upon the country.

How many men's senses choose the death of the Duke of Clarence.

The Church kindly gives a man three sufficient warnings about what he is going to do, before he marries.

Charity is of that active nature, I doubt of its *existing at home, if it takes no exercise abroad.*

Our advice generally leaves our friends just where they were: "If they *can't live here, let them go to Sierra Leone!*"

The sinner says "he is *weak*," as the school-boy says he is *ill*—to get off *working*.

His infidel theory, though it soar *to be, like Adrian, above the Church, like Adrian, it may be choked by a fish-bone.*

Her unassuming life, is a noble idea clothed in simple language.

The man who is proud of *his coat of wool*, is certainly on a *level with the beasts!*

The glutton, whose body eats, and whose

soul thinks of eating, is surely all mortal. When his *body perishes*, must not his *soul perish* also?

Nothing is—the end of all things.

“He knows no joy”—and yet *he talks*.
—Impossible!

The radical has not certainly done one injury to the Church yet: *he has not made the office of the clergy a SINECURE*.

We should hardly say that the words “*mean nothing*,” which mean *politeness*.

Generally, the man who gives us *full particulars of his birth*, gives us none of his *education*.

In every man's *autobiography*, the *errata* should fill, did he write truth, three quarters of the book.

The maxim “Be a rogue,” is written in *letters of gold*.

If you dislike him for *giving you* such a good example, I would advise you *to return it*.

The *school of morality* is a *day school*.

The proud man, like a Chinese painter, can fancy *no fine retired background*;—he must put one *object atop of another*.

The clever infidel stands, a bright light, to warn us from the rock he himself *stands upon*.

The dull playwriter saves the Manager the expense of constables to keep off the rush.

No man will take sin "*for life*;"—he will, however, for *ninety-nine years*.

The beggars teach our youths to say—No.

How strange it is that we observe not the foot of Time,—even when it is marked by a gouty shoe.

FINIS.

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